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HUSTLER

FEBRUARY 2017

HARDCORE SINCE '74

THE WAR ON SMART

ARE KANYE, KIM & DONALD MAKING AMERICA STUPID?

OUR SEXIEST **SELFIES** EVER! EVER!

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+
ALICE LIGHTHOUSE
ARAYA ACOSTA
BRITNEY AMBER
GISELE MONA
JESSICA RYAN
HANNAH HARPER
& CHRISTIE STEVENS

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ANNA NICOLE SMITH

FEBRUARY 2017 $9.99 U.S.

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I'm really good at

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Favorite food

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The six things I could never do without

A school to blame my actions on.
A swim team to blame my actions on.
A lifestyle to blame my actions on.
Alcohol to blame my actions on.
A victim to blame my actions on.
A judge who is a Stanford alum jock.

I spend a lot of time thinking about

How *my* life has been ruined.

On a typical Friday night I am

Feeling sorry for myself...and playing beer pong.

You should message me if

You're looking for an entitled dickwad to sexually assault you, then say you liked it.

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for four months.
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400 freestyle 3:53.89.

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"Hi, I'm just in the neighborhood, spreading the good word about pussy."

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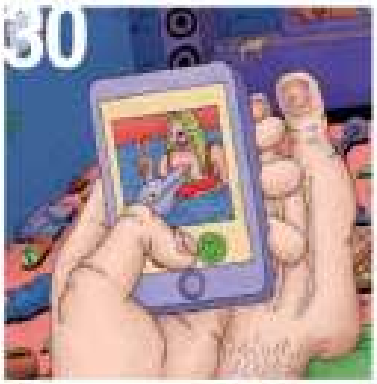

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Cover photo by Steven Andres

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THE "WICKED" CLINTON FOUNDATION?

Donald Trump and the whole right-wing echo chamber have made a huge fuss over the operation of the Clinton Foundation during the time Hillary was Secretary of State. Yes, some of the Foundation's donors, including representatives of foreign nations, major corporations and other entities, did also meet with Secretary Clinton to discuss matters of state. But the implication that this was naked graft and bribery is absurd.

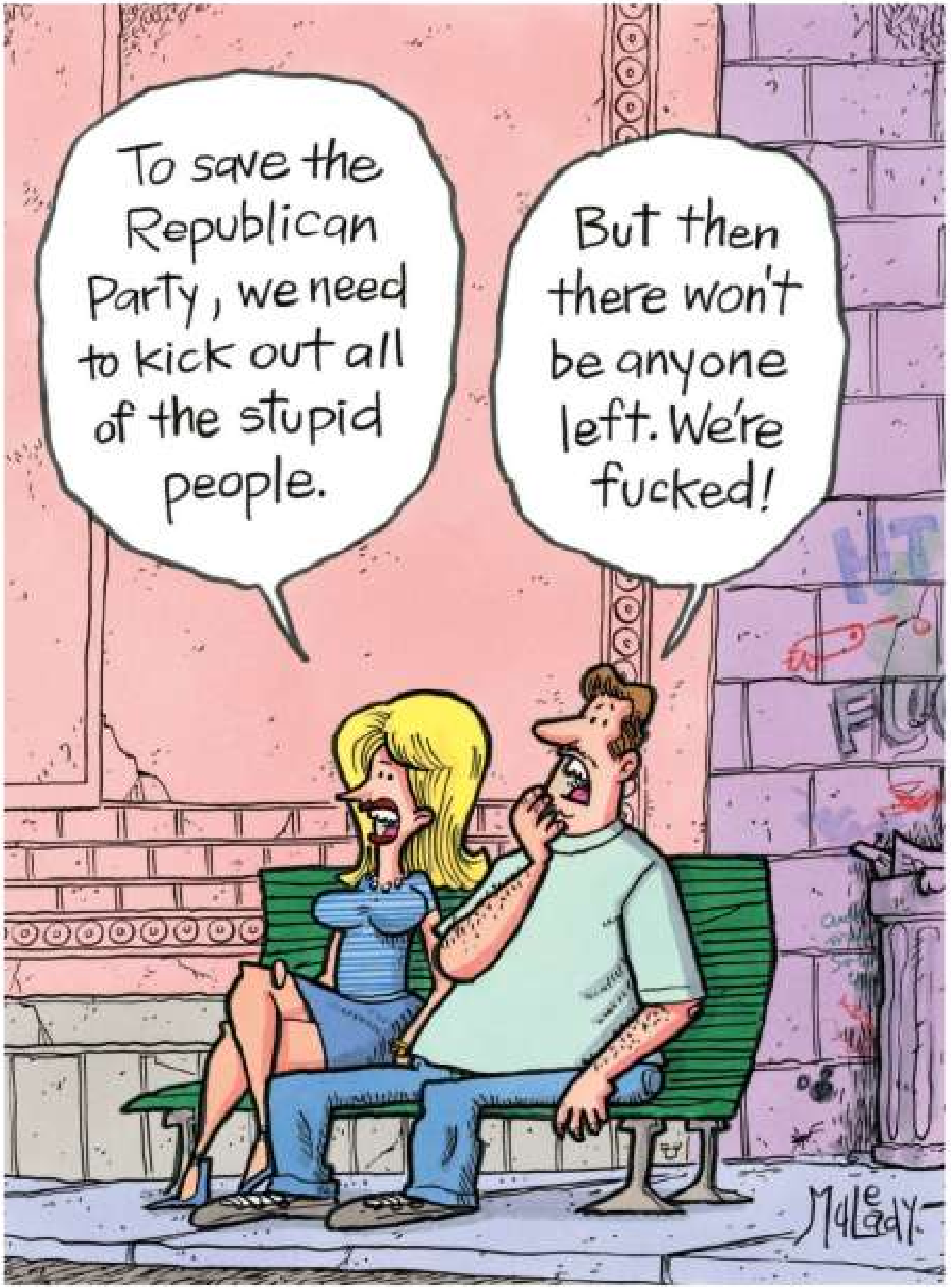
The Clintons—Bill, Hillary and Chelsea—have never personally profited by one dime from the Foundation. Zilch! And here are some of the "evil" things it supports: supplying antimalarial drugs and promoting economic development in impoverished Africa; subsidizing climate change initiatives, such as helping cities retrofit old buildings with new energy-efficient technology; supporting programs to reduce childhood obesity, for example negotiating with school vendors to provide healthy alternatives; promoting women's rights in Third World nations; and providing relief after earthquakes and other disasters, including Hurricane Katrina.

What a litany of horror! If George W. Bush hadn't been whistling Dixie while New Orleans was drowning under Katrina, maybe some of that expensive relief wouldn't have been necessary. But it was necessary, and the Clinton Foundation stepped in to raise the needed money.

Conservatives are loath to support any of the above-listed causes with tax money, so what's the problem? The Clintons have managed to fund these incredibly worthy humanitarian programs without tapping the national treasury. This is the kind of thing Democratic ex-Presidents do with their time. Look at Jimmy Carter's work with Habitat for Humanity. What do Republican ex-Presidents do? Count their dirty oil profits and parachute out of airplanes (George Bush Sr.), or completely hide from the public while painting laughably crude self-portraits (George Bush Jr.).

The bottom line is this: Nonpartisan CharityWatch gave the Clinton Foundation a grade of A, a higher grade than even the American Red Cross received! Eighty-eight percent of the Foundation's revenues are distributed to the designated causes. That's as good as it gets. And that's why philanthropy experts have praised the Clinton Foundation. So don't be fooled by dishonest election-year propaganda. White is not black, and it would be tragic for the Clintons' good work to be diminished.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


To save the Republican Party, we need to kick out all of the stupid people.
But then there won't be anyone left. We're fucked!
MALOOF

TRUE PATRIOTISM

WHISTLEBLOWERS SHOULD BE HONORED, NOT PROSECUTED, FOR EXPOSING THE U.S. GOVERNMENT'S DIRTIEST SECRETS.

If Barack Obama is to salvage his legacy as an enlightened President, he must pardon Edward Snowden, John Kiriakou and Chelsea Manning. These heroic whistleblowers dared to call out their bosses in the NSA, CIA and Pentagon for taking this country down the road to a totalitarian society in which no dissenting thought is protected from Big Brother's prying eyes—and ears.

As post-9/11 hysteria lingered, it was Snowden, Kiriakou and Manning who stepped up to warn us that the government was shredding our basic freedoms in the name of national security. The madness started with George W. Bush, who allowed his Darth Vader vice president to flagrantly violate the Constitutional barriers to torture and unlawful surveillance. Although Obama attempted to dial back the torture travesty, he's proved to be worse than Bush in upholding the Fourth Amendment, which guarantees an individual's right to privacy.

Obama has been even more aggressive than his Republican predecessor in seeking to punish those in government who did their duty as American citizens. Rather than remain silent, they let us know when federal agencies were subverting the Constitutionally protected rights of the citizenry or when our government was ignoring commonly accepted standards of U.S. and international law.

The Obama Administration imprisoned John Kiriakou for almost two years. His "crime"? The courageous CIA agent revealed to a reporter that the Bush/Cheney regime had authorized the use of waterboarding, a clear-cut violation of international law, during interrogations of al-Qaeda prisoners. Receiving much harsher punishment was former Army private Chelsea Manning. She was sentenced to 35 years in prison for leaking classified materials, most notably a video showing that U.S. forces in Iraq deliberately killed civilians, including journalists.

Obama, the Constitutional law professor turned President, should have lauded Kiriakou and Manning for exercising the First Amendment rights that the Founding Fathers enshrined in our Constitution. Instead, then-Attorney General Eric Holder prosecuted the two whistleblowers. In contrast, National Intelligence Director James Clapper was not charged with perjury for lying under oath to Congress in March 2013. Asked if intelligence officials were gathering data on Americans, he answered "No" and "Not wittingly." Then came Snowden three months later.

Obama's Justice Department has waged a vicious campaign to punish truth-telling whistleblowers by employing the draconian provisions of the Espionage Act in three times as many cases as all previous administrations combined. The most egregious example is the leveling of espionage charges against Snowden for leaking National Security Agency documents and correspondence. Thanks to the former contract employee, we learned that the NSA, which is banned from spying on Americans, was collecting and storing information about every one of us! Without warrants, it was tracking our phone calls, emails, internet visits, travel, health records and financial transactions.

Obama and Holder have conceded that there is no evidence that Snowden's revelations compromised the safety of U.S. troops or our nation. On the contrary, exposing the NSA's illegal activities has made this country stronger.

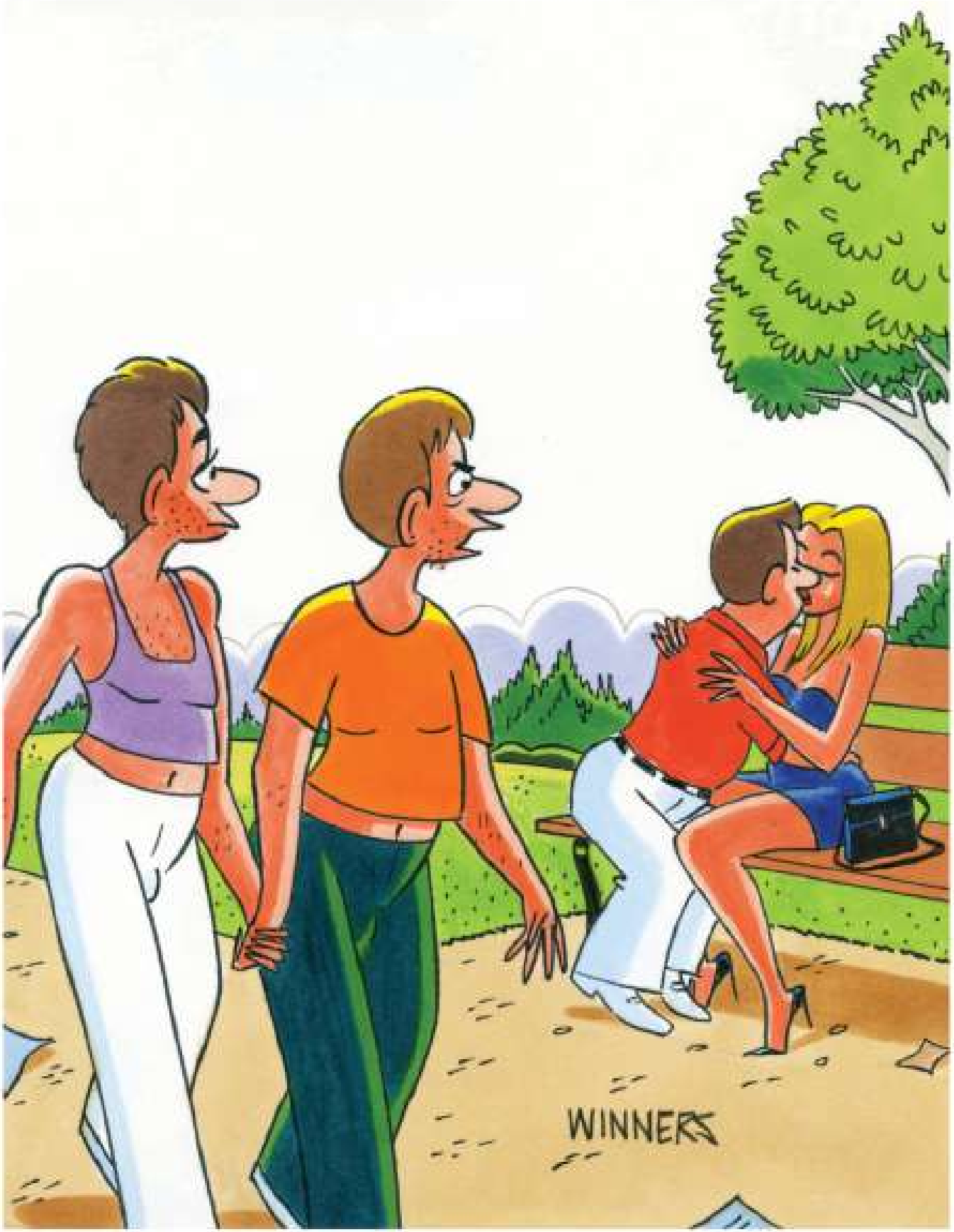
Holder now says Snowden's actions were a "public service," and Obama has admitted that the revelations led Congress to modify the onerous USA PATRIOT Act, which most unpatriotically violated the spirit of our Constitution. Snowden, on the other hand, acted consistently in that spirit.

Snowden was concerned that our government was out of control and that its excesses could only be controlled by a knowledgeable and aroused citizenry willing to protect their inalienable rights. So he delivered top-secret documents to reputable news organizations, which published them under their free-speech rights guaranteed by the First Amendment.

Before leaving the White House, President Obama should honor the Constitution by offering a full pardon to Snowden, Manning and other whistleblowers. They put their love of this country and its unique commitment to democratic rule before their own careers and personal safety. True patriots all. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*

HEY, DAD! YOU THINK I CAN RUN FOR PRESIDENT WHEN I GROW UP?
SURE, SON. IN AMERICA ANYBODY CAN RUN FOR PRESIDENT—DONALD TRUMP IS PROOF OF THAT.
WINNERS



"I don't know about you, Sammy, but whenever I see two heterosexuals carrying on like that in public, I wanna throw up!"

HARD TIME FOR PRIVATE PRISONS

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE HANDS THE FOR-PROFIT PRISON INDUSTRY A DEATH SENTENCE.

Crime pays. At least it does for the private prison industry, which annually is allocated about 5 billion in taxpayer dollars and nets more than $600 million in profits. But those dollars are about to dry up. A scathing report from the Office of the Inspector General for the Department of Justice has resulted in a directive to end the decades-long "free market" prisons-for-profit boondoggle.

As Deputy Attorney General Sally Yates detailed in a memo to the chief of the Federal Bureau of Prisons in August 2016, the federal government does a better job than the private sector at running prisons on virtually every measurable level: "[Private prisons] compare poorly to our own Bureau facilities. They simply do not provide the same level of correctional services, programs and resources; they do not save substantially on costs; and...they do not maintain the same level of safety and security."

With that, Yates instructed the Federal Bureau of Prisons to either decline to renew its contracts with private operators or "substantially reduce" the scope of such agreements. The goal: "reducing—and ultimately ending—our use of privately operated prisons."

With the federal prison population declining, thanks to recalibrated sentencing guidelines and the Obama Administration's clemency initiative, Yates's directive will reduce the federal government's private-prison population by more than 50% in less than a year.

"We were jubilant when we got the news," Carl Takei of the American Civil Liberties Union told me the day Yates released her memo. "It is something that has been a pretty long, hard slog for us, but we expected it to be an even longer and harder slog than it turned out to be."

Takei described the surprise announcement as "incredibly gratifying" and "the result of years of pressure by the ACLU and other nonprofit organizations [revealing] terrible conditions inside the Bureau's private prisons."

The Office of the Inspector General found numerous problems. For example, "Contract prisons had higher rates of assaults, both by inmates on other inmates and by inmates on staff." Moreover, inmates in privately run prisons were found to have as much as eight times the amount of contraband as prisoners in government facilities.

"Many of the findings in the Inspector General's report confirmed our own," said Takei, a litigator for the ACLU's National Prison Project. "We spent five years investigating the Bureau of Prisons' 'shadow system' of private prisons and found that they failed to provide for health and safety and live up to standards of basic human decency."

Takei emphasized, "This all goes back to the profit motive. Handing control of prisons over to for-profit companies is a recipe for abuse, neglect and misconduct because their primary duty is to [accommodate] their shareholders. They have to deliver value by skimming a profit off of whatever payments the government gives them to run the system.

"In the 1990s," Takei explained, "when the Bureau of Prisons first started this experiment with private prisons, the argument was they could provide incarceration more cheaply and that the innovations of the free market would somehow magically make things better. In fact, it turned out to be far worse. Because the major way that you can make money off incarceration is by cutting expenses."

The government's "deal with the devil" resulted in cuts to both security and medical staff: "One example from the Inspector General's report is that for eight months one of these prisons went without a full-time doctor. The reason is that it was cheaper for the company to pay the understaffing penalties than it was for them to pay the salary of the doctor."

Well, so much for the right-wing myth that the private sector is better and more efficient than government—a point worth keeping in mind when Republicans offer the same argument for privatizing other key government services, such as education and healthcare.

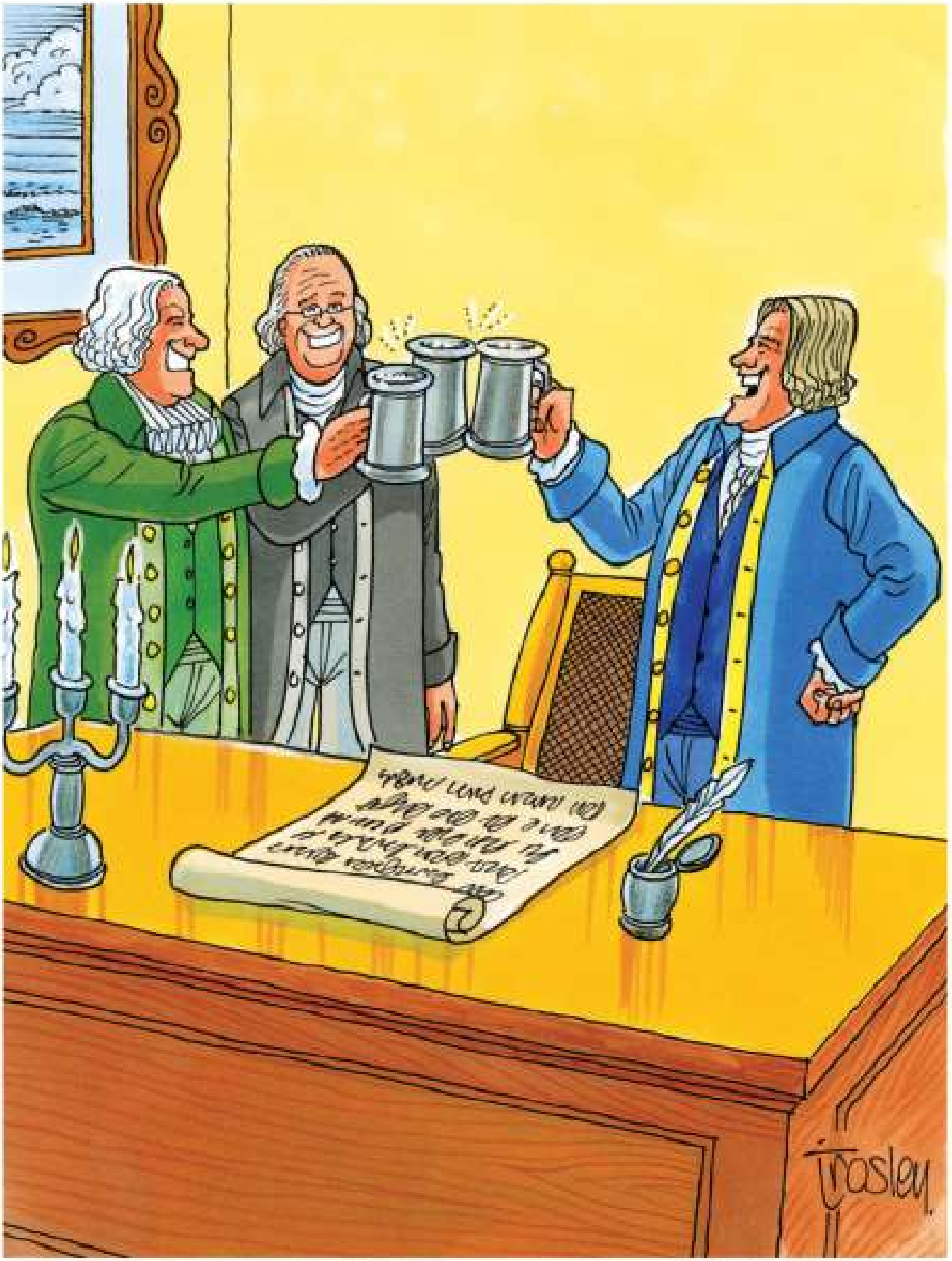
That said, less than 15% of federal prisoners are held in private facilities. Yates's directive didn't address contractors running state prisons or federal immigration and detention centers, which house hundreds of thousands of detainees in facilities operated by just two huge private operators—the very same ones that the Department of Justice found to have failed so miserably.

But here's more good news: Jeh Johnson, Secretary of the Department of Homeland Security, subsequently called for a three-month review to determine if private immigration detention "should be eliminated" as well.

After decades of private profiteers sucking up taxpayer money in return for doing work that government was always far better equipped to do on its own, we may finally be witnessing an end to at least one of the vast injustices of our nation's criminal justice system.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of The Brad Blog (**BradBlog.com**).

"Son, if you give a man a gun, he can rob a bank! But if you give a man a bank, he can rob an entire country!"



"Then it's agreed...to life, liberty and the pursuit of fresh pussy!"

PAM BONDI

A fresh, new cheerleader has taken center stage on the Donald Trump bandwagon—current Attorney General of Florida and former Fox News legal analyst Pam Bondi. Bondi fleshes out the GOP Blonde Squad, that bevy of attractive goldilocks girls trying to put a happy face on The Donald's deep-seated misogyny and bigotry. We don't know why they're all blonde, but this harem does inspire updates to a lot of old jokes: Q: What happens when a GOP blonde gets Alzheimer's disease? A: Her IQ goes up. Q: What do you call a dozen GOP blondes stacked on top of each other? A: An air mattress. Q: What do the Bermuda Triangle and a GOP blonde have in common? A: They've both swallowed a lot of semen.

In Bondi's case, that means dropping to her knees and sucking up to a whole troopship of corrupt corporate interests in her ambitious climb up the Republican ladder. First and foremost was her kid-gloves treatment of Trump University in the Sunshine State. The trouble began when New York Attorney General Eric Schneiderman filed a civil suit against Trump U in August 2013, alleging that 5,000 students had been defrauded out of over $40 million. That money was paid to learn the big secrets of Trump's real estate success, which students could have gleaned just by reading New York tabloids—lie, cheat and swindle your way to the top! The courses, often held in rented ballrooms, cost $1,495 at the low end and up to $35,000 for the "Gold Elite" program. *I'm going to make you great again!* Trump promised them all. Only he didn't. They got the shaft, and Trump got the money—the business model for his entire career.

A lot of Floridians fell victim to this scam. They angrily filed reports with Bondi's office, forcing her to announce, on September 13, 2013, that she was likely joining the case. But then Pamela Jo began to have second thoughts. She started having them on September 17, four days after the above announcement, which is when a pro-Bondi PAC, And Justice for All, received a $25,000 check from—who else?—Donald Trump. Subsequently she announced that Trump U was off the hook in Florida—she was dropping the case. All this blew up last September, forcing Bondi and her aides to explain that there was only one complaint about Trump U while she was in office, and swearing she *just didn't know* about the slew of complaints that had piled up before she started. Bullshit: The New York Schneiderman suit she had reviewed included complaints regarding no less than 627 courses taken by Floridians!

But here's the kicker: Bondi is good friends with Trump, and she spoke with him "several weeks" before the announcement, according to her political consultant, Marc Reichelderfer. Trump wasn't the instigator here: Bondi seems to have actively solicited the contribution. Solicitation as in, "Pony up big time, john, and I'll turn this real juicy trick for you." Trump even brags about how effective his bribes are: "When I want something, I get it. When I call, they kiss my ass. It's true."

This is only one episode in a whole saga of sleazy ass-kissing deals. Bondi's pimp is a man named Bernard Nash, who was with the law firm Dickstein Shapiro (we're not making this up), regulars at the annual RAGA (Republican Attorneys General Association) confabs, where lobbyists wine and dine the attendees, peddling influence and campaign "assistance" to those who go light on their misbehaving clients.

When Minnesota shut down hospital management company Accretive Health for abusive collection practices, Dickstein Shapiro and Nash contacted Bondi's office pleading for her sympathy. The result? She dropped the case against Accretive Health in Florida. Ditto for Herbalife, pursued by state and federal authorities, and for a case against Priceline and Travelocity for conspiring to withhold taxes on hotel reservations, a case initiated by her predecessor. Nash chatted up Bondi about Bridgepoint Education, an online school under investigation by the Iowa attorney general for "unconscionable sales practices"—exactly like Trump U. The result? She dropped that case like a scalding potato too.

In addition she turned a blind eye to complaints about predatory mortgage lenders—that gang of sharks partly responsible for the 2008 financial meltdown. An assistant attorney general in Florida, Andrew Spark, resigned in disgust after Bondi summarily fired two foreclosure fraud investigators.

Then she wrote a letter begging Medicare officials to continue funding for drug testing by Millennium Laboratories, while her very own office was investigating that same company for bilking the feds for unnecessary testing! She *just didn't know* about that investigation either, she claimed. So what the hell does Bondi know about what's going on right under her nose? Maybe she's too busy playing golf and bending over at the country clubs. And what's in it for blondie to look the other way?

In 2014 Dickstein Shapiro and Nash displayed their gratitude by sponsoring a luxurious $3,000-per-head fundraiser for Bondi at the Mar-a-Lago Club in Palm Beach, owned by—who else?—Donald Trump. It was quite a haul for her—a six-figure payoff for a job well done.

But Pamela Jo didn't begin her career as a slut strutting for big business criminals. She was actually a registered Democrat before defecting to the GOP in 1997, sensing bigger opportunities. In the Democratic Party you earn your way doing things like community organizing and hobnobbing with disadvantaged minorities, but that's too slow for a hot go-getter on the fast track. Since joining the GOP, Bondi's toed the party line for just about every wacko right-wing obsession: wasting thousands of tax dollars by futilely challenging the feds when they overturned Florida's same-sex marriage ban; filing a brief supporting Arizona's discriminatory immigration law; and fighting against legalization of marijuana for either recreational or medicinal purposes, despite the avalanche of new evidence about pot being as effective and less dangerous than the prescription opioid painkillers responsible for approximately 19,000 American overdoses a year.

Oh, and she's gung-ho for the death penalty too, even as DNA evidence continues to exonerate hundreds of innocent men. Bondi is not totally without compassion, however: In 2013 she persuaded the Florida governor to postpone the execution of Marshall Lee Gore for three weeks—*because it conflicted with a fundraiser kicking off her reelection campaign!* You've got a real big bleeding heart, Pamela Jo—and a face that eerily resembles your trumped-up hero's.

Search for "Trump Bondi" in Google or Bing Images. Do you see what we see? The same smirk, nose, eyebrows and wild mane of light hair? Could Bondi possibly be Trump's gay-hating, consumer-fucking, corporate cocksucking love child? We await their hair follicles for definitive DNA testing.

FUCKING & FOOTBALL

The word *prostitution* just doesn't pack the moral outrage that it used to. So if you're looking to upset people, try the phrase "sex trafficking." Along with all the other dubious traditions that go along with Super Bowl Sunday, media annually warn of a huge surge in "sex trafficking" wherever the Super Bowl is being held—this year in Houston, Texas. "Traffickers view these events as a golden opportunity," warned Houston Mayor Sylvester Turner and U.S. House Representative Ted Poe in an editorial for the *Houston Chronicle* last spring, assuring readers that "preparedness efforts are already underway" for "this heinous crime." Minneapolis, Minnesota, who won't be hosting the Super Bowl till February 2018, is already freaking out. "Twin Cities Area Braces for Super Bowl Sex Trafficking," screamed a recent Minneapolis *Star Tribune* headline.

But what *exactly* are they bracing for? Remember back in 2011, when Texas Attorney General Greg Abbott called the Super Bowl "one of the largest human trafficking events in the United States"? In fact, he organized a task force involving a dozen federal, state and local agencies to take care of bid'ness Texas style. Know how many arrests were made? One. (Apparently the guy they arrested got the idea for Super Bowl sex trafficking from, wait for it... television coverage of Super Bowl sex trafficking.) That shitty use of resources is a lesson yet to be learned. According to the *Star Tribune*, a task force involving "numerous Twin Cities agencies" is already at work. Who knows what they're doing, since research and studies conducted over the past several years shows no correlation between the Bowl and sex trafficking. Actually, there's no evidence that suggests a connection between sex trafficking and any major sporting event. In 2011 the Global Alliance Against Traffic in Women, which sensibly distinguishes between consensual sex workers and those who are actually trafficked, reported, "There is no evidence that large sporting events cause an increase in trafficking for prostitution."

Note to the future homes of the Super Bowl: If you're looking to find exploitation, you don't need to create a task force. Just locate the folks selling anything with a Super Bowl logo on it...or charging $14 for a beer.

"I predict one of these two teams will win the Super Bowl."—GILBERT GOTTFRIED, COMEDIAN

THE ORGASM LADY

PHOTO COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Fitriana Purwanti, who also goes by The Orgasm Lady, has worked hard over the past several years, empowering Indonesian women to embrace their sexuality. What's the big deal? "Womyn" have been celebrating themselves and their goddamn orgasms for decades. Even waspy Gwyneth Paltrow gushes publically about the power of her $15,000 vibrators, herbal pussy steams and tantric sex sessions.

But let's see Gwynnie pass off that Goop crap over in Indonesia, where the Constitutional Court is considering criminalizing extramarital sex, gay sex and sex before marriage. Last summer the government forbade the sale of a popular snack food because its packaging featured a cartoon image of a woman in a bikini that was deemed pornographic. Many Muslims in Indonesia practice female circumcision—you know, cutting off girls' clits—because whadda they need that old thing for anyway? And Charlie's Angels would have been fucked if they had been located in Jakarta, because the Indonesian government requires mandatory "virginity checks" for female police force candidates.

So Purwanti is up against some serious shit. But she believes strongly that the bedroom is the best place to pursue equality, one mind-flipping climax at a time. "You can use sexuality as a tool to understand the power struggle between men and women," insists the determined activist, currently working on a book about sex and politics, a follow-up to her 2010 *The O Project*, which documented the sexual experiences of 16 Indonesian women. "When your partner doesn't care about your orgasm or happiness, your existence as a human being is denied." Purwanti plans to run for Parliament in the next national elections. Go, Orgasm Lady, go!

CORNOGRAPHY

Rabbi Shmuley Boteach and Pamela Botox Anderson (collectively, from here on out, Teach 'n' Tox) recently coauthored an editorial for Murdoch's *Wall Street Journal* about the "dangers of pornography." Where these two moral and intellectual vacuums found the time to pen this garbage between celebrity roasts and paid appearances at award galas—and why the *WSJ* published it—is beyond comprehension. Readers wondering the same thing found that their comments were being deleted, since WSJ.com censors anything that includes the word *porn*. Those who were determined to get their point across circumvented the problem by referencing "corn," as in "Pam Anderson became a multimillionaire by using plastic surgery, prime-time 'pokie-pokes,' cable corn, softcore corn and even a brief dalliance in homemade hardcore corn." "Why doesn't it delete the article itself?" wondered one reader. Good question.

"If anyone still had any doubts about the addictive dangers of pornography, Anthony Weiner should have put paid to them with his repeated, self-sabotaging sexting," Teach 'n' Tox declared, the use of the idiom "put paid to" removing any doubts about who actually wrote the piece. What does the Weiner scandal have to do with outdated, chauvinistic arguments about porn's "corrosive effects on a man's soul"? Who knows. Wanna talk corrosive effects on a man's soul? How about pretending to be a "close friend" and "spiritual guide" to a fucked up, vulnerable celebrity, secretly taping his confessions and then releasing those "conversations" for your own profit the second the guy kicks the bucket? That's exactly what happened when the self-anointed America's Rabbi sold *The Michael Jackson Tapes: A Tragic Icon Reveals His Soul in Intimate Conversation*. Even harder to stomach is getting a "...porn is for losers—a boring, wasteful and dead-end outlet for people too lazy to reap the ample rewards of healthy sexuality" lecture from a woman who's spent her entire three-decade career jiggling her fake tits and ass for the cameras, including for *Playboy* as recently as 2015.

According to Teach 'n' Tox, porn is "an outgrowth of the sexual revolution that began a half-century ago and which, with gender rights and freedoms now having been established, has arguably run its course." Hey, good news, everyone! We're all free and equal! Now assume the position of husband and wife, as prescribed by medieval religious tradition.

*** For reminders about the dangers of trusting self-proclaimed moral authorities, especially the religious kind, simply google "sex abuse + Orthodox" or "sex abuse + leader."

PHOTO © EVERETT COLLECTION INC./ALAMY

"There's never going to be a great misunderstanding of me. I think I'm a little whacked." —PAMELA ANDERSON, ACTRESS

LOVE ITALIAN-STYLE

Grazie to Italy's Supreme Court, which recently ruled that public masturbation is not a crime, so long as it's not in the presence of minors. The ruling overturned a conviction by a lower court of a 69-year-old man identified as "Pietro L," who had been sentenced to three months in prison and fined $3,600 after being caught doing the five-knuckle shuffle in front of a group of students in Southern Italy. (In his own defense, Pietro told the court that he only did this kind of thing "occasionally" and that since he was working around dusk, there was "reduced visibility.") Pietro's lawyer appealed the guilty verdict, and the country's highest court, in Rome, decided in his favor, ruling that since the Italian Parliament had passed a law in 2015 "decriminalizing the offense of lurking in places frequented by girls in order to be seen masturbating," Pietro hadn't broken any laws.

Not everyone is happy with the ruling. Some politicians accused Prime Minister Matteo Renzi of going soft on perverts. Parliament member Elvira Savino from the center-right Forza Italia party remarked, "The Renzi government has never given equal opportunities much notice, but to save from the prison cells people who commit obscene acts in front of women is really unjustifiable." But picture the other side of the coin, Ms. Savino: Beautiful women polishing their pearls in front of the Vatican. *Bellissimo!*

BE ALL YOU CAN BE

Guess what, world? We're not a bunch of babies who can't handle it if the soldiers serving in our military don't all present as John Wayne. The Pentagon recently announced that transgender troops on active duty may qualify for sex-reassignment surgery if their physicians deem it necessary, clarifying a policy decision made by the U.S. Defense Department in 2016 to overturn its ban on transgender service. Secretary of Defense Ash Carter acknowledged that the decision was not exactly groundbreaking. "It's worth noting," he wrote in an official statement, "that at least 18 countries already allow transgender personnel to serve openly in their militaries. These include close allies such as the United Kingdom, Israel and Australia. And we were able to study how they dealt with this issue." So, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Canada, Czech Republic, Denmark, Estonia, Finland, France, Germany, Israel, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Spain, Sweden and United Kingdom—we'll see you at the grown-ups' table.

"Shit, Donny! Don't pull out my anal beads like you're trying to start the goddamn lawn mower!"

HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

DOLL BALL

Maybe he couldn't face another holiday alone. Perhaps she reminded him of the one who got away. Something inspired 55-year-old Christopher Wade to abduct a curvy brunette mannequin from a HUSTLER Hollywood store in Nashville, Tennessee, in the wee hours of July 4th. The two employees working that night had never seen him before, although based on his ninja-style nab, they suspected he'd scoped things out beforehand.

Alas, as Mr. Wade hauled the object of his desire from a window display, he left behind an arm—thankfully, hers. Then he sped away with his quarry stowed in the bed of a pickup, but not before an assistant manager noted his license plate number. Police tracked Wade back to his house, where he was found in bed with the one-armed lady, still dressed in her store lingerie. We're not sure what will happen to Wade, who already had a standing warrant out for his arrest. We do know that the mannequin, held by the cops for two and a half months, was recently released and will be going home—as soon as Nikki, the only employee with a truck big enough to hold her, can get down to the police station.

"Nobody will ever win the battle of the sexes. There's just too much fraternizing with the enemy."—HENRY KISSINGER, FORMER SECRETARY OF STATE

By a Single Vote

Dear Mr. Flynt,

If you were on any ballot in the nation, you would have my vote. Your *Publisher's Statement* included in every HUSTLER gets my first attention despite the beauty that follows. You have more common sense than any politician I have seen in my short 64 years. Keep up your wise political statements, articles and cartoons.

—Jim Moran
San Jose, California

Guilty!

I just finished reading the 2016 HUSTLER Anniversary issue. It was, as always, a good time. However, in the piece on Ted Cruz [*Asshole of the Month*] I found an historical error that's so common, it's almost become American folklore.

Beginning in 1692, there were 19 people executed for the crime of witchcraft. Not one of those people was executed by burning. I know, how those people died isn't the most important part of what we need to learn from history. But the "burning" myth has become so pervasive that a reminder of the facts becomes necessary.

—Hal C. Pattee
Utica, New York

Just Five, Jerry?

You are way off the course on the ideas of gun owners ["Cold, Dead Hands," November '16]. When Donald Trump becomes President, we hope to repeal all gun laws since 1900. In other words, every law-abiding citizen will have the right to own at least five automatic machine guns to defend against all these Muslim refugees and terrorists that Obama has inserted into our middle-class neighborhoods. Plus the hundred or so killer Muslim terrorists in Guantanamo Bay that he intends to pardon on his way out. Obama's the second worst President in U.S. history, after Jimmy Carter, who was also a pacifist. If the U.S. is to remain strong, we have to kill the enemy.

—Jerry Hale
Burleson, Texas

P.S. We wouldn't be in this shape if Charlton Heston had been President.

Most Tasteless

In light of your continuing emphasis on equality, consensual sexual relations and nonviolence toward women, I was very disappointed to see a cartoon in your magazine depicting a woman being forced at gunpoint to engage in a disgusting sexual act ["Hustler One-Step Program," page 93, October '16].

—S. Roberts
Huron, South Dakota

Hard Stand

In response to the magazine round-up in your Anniversary '16 issue ["A Biased Consumer's Guide to Men's Magazines"], I went to check out *Penthouse*. It is a really bad joke. *Playboy* is a sorry-ass ripoff of *Maxim*. HUSTLER, the last men's magazine, stands hard! Thank you for your time and work.

—Russel Allen
Seattle, Washington

Et tu, Butthole?

I really like the November '16 issue. With the addition of "Three-Hole Punch," you folks are making really good hardcore porn, not the typical coochie-diddlin' standard fare. The picture of Jasmine Caro with jizz running down her tits is damn hot. My drawers got tighter after seeing that beautifully skanky look on her face as the juice dripped down her titties. I laughed heartily at the skewering of dingleberry Paul Ryan [*Asshole of the Month*]. He fits a sphincter like a butt plug. The article about ThermiVa, the vaginal rejuvenation procedure ["Better, Tighter, Wetter: Get the Pussy of Your Dreams"] was very interesting and informative. I wonder if that machine works on buttholes too? If not, they need to develop a butthole tightening procedure like that so every time you fart, you don't shit your pants. Larry, you could invest in some butthole and coochie tightening devices to expand your economic pon(t)folio. Why did that Canadian son of a bitch win "Letter of the Month" just because he questioned Amber Rose's "grammatical competence" [Feedback, November '16]? This is HUSTLER, not the *New Yorker*. Now send my ass an Orphan Annie blow-up doll and a rubber chicken signed by Larry Flynt for telling it like it is!

—Lee Paxton
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Dear HUSTLER,

You, Chief, President Flynt, must avail yourself to soaking your feet in epsom salts. Use a foot vibration device and add borax because it helps with absorption. If you have a place for me at your executive table, please say so. I have a lot of ideas, like perfume strips in HUSTLER and *Barely Legal* to create a deeper sense of connection and stimulation. And forget Hooters. I want to open a place called Juggs with imported 3D Polish women. HUSTLER would carry my union post to the hands of desperate, needy people seeking a solution they can count on. So you can call a news conference and declare that I am going to be the new chief pushing an agenda for the restoration of the American dream to pursue happiness and get laid at a HUSTLER Master Gardener Away camp. We should also make a spa to observe the best orgasms a woman can have. We'll let her choose between the door to pleasure, sensuality and comfort, or the door to strict satisfaction and descent into carnality. Also you should let me direct a few porn videos!

—Don Guzman
(via email)

Jasmine Caro's a sweet, sticky treat in our November '16 issue.

WTF #2

Please, authenticate my signature as Owner Sole of HUSTLER Magazine Company. Then withdraw $100,000 from your petty cash drawer. Mail to me in one hundred dollar notes, American cash. Take $10,000 for yourself from the petty cash drawer as thanks with my permission. Thank you for putting the rush on it. I need the money in two weeks.

—Travis $ Frank, XVI
Sole Owner, HUSTLER Magazine

Thanks for the bonus, Frank! Your money's en route.

Congratulations to Jim Moran of San Jose, California, for sending in our *Feedback* Letter of the Month. Voting is one of our greatest civic responsibilities, and your enthusiasm is appreciated. Though Mr. Flynt wasn't on the ballot, we're sure you did your homework before you headed into your local voting both. We'll be sending you something patriotic from the HUSTLER store. Want to be next month's winner? Send letters (typed or really handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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ALICE
LIGHTHOUSE
DIRTY GIRL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

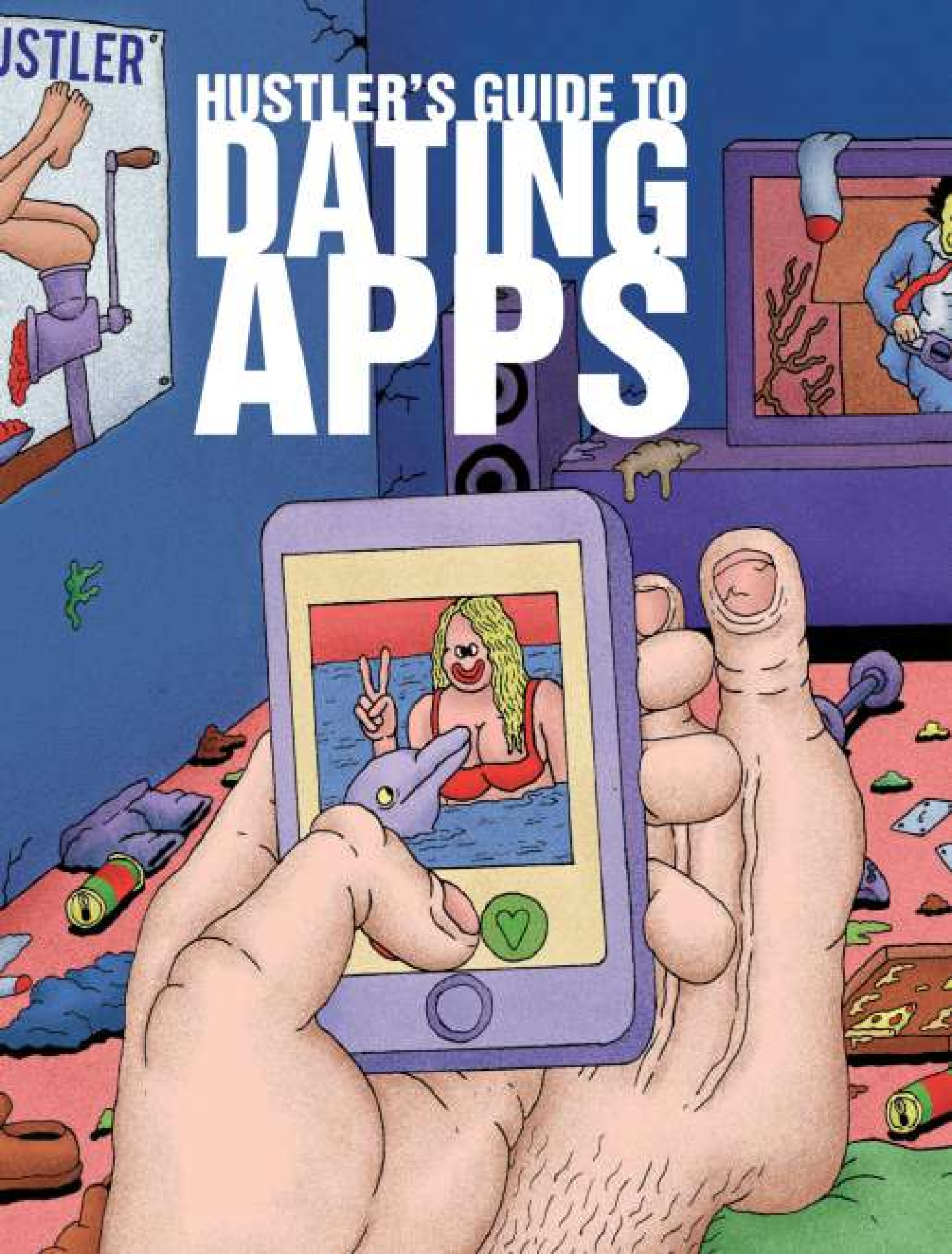
I completely love dirty, different sex. Even before I was in porn, I sought it out. Once, on a nude beach in Miami, a guy came up to me and said he wanted to fuck me. For whatever reason, I didn't slap him. Instead I asked how many friends he had and told him to get them. We went into some bushes, and I had my first seven-man gangbang.

"My biggest passion is eating pussy. I can't get enough, and it makes me drip more than I ever thought possible. With my current girlfriend I discovered I can squirt. She fingers me while I'm hovering over her face, and then she drinks it all.

"I'm naturally an exhibitionist. You think I'm looking at the camera, but actually I'm looking past it to the cameraman and the lighting crew. It makes me horny to know they're watching."

ALICE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Louisville, Kentucky** | AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-3** | MEASUREMENTS: **34D-26-32**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Squatting over my girlfriend's face** | TWITTER: **@LighthouseAlice**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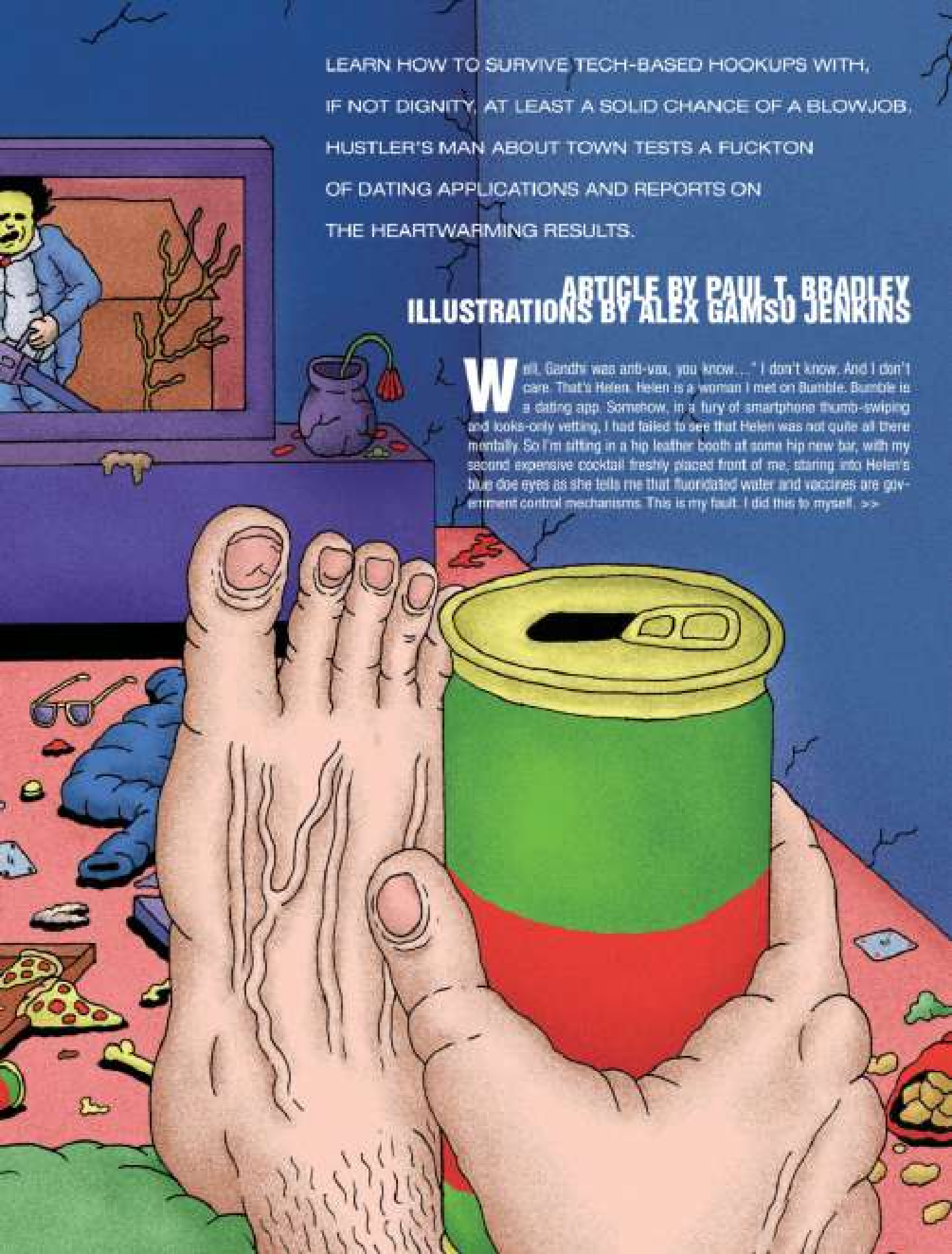


LEARN HOW TO SURVIVE TECH-BASED HOOKUPS WITH, IF NOT DIGNITY, AT LEAST A SOLID CHANCE OF A BLOWJOB. HUSTLER'S MAN ABOUT TOWN TESTS A FUCKTON OF DATING APPLICATIONS AND REPORTS ON THE HEARTWARMING RESULTS.

ARTICLE BY PAUL T. BRADLEY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEX GAMSU JENKINS

Well, Gandhi was anti-vax, you know…" I don't know. And I don't care. That's Helen. Helen is a woman I met on Bumble. Bumble is a dating app. Somehow, in a fury of smartphone thumb-swiping and looks-only vetting, I had failed to see that Helen was not quite all there mentally. So I'm sitting in a hip leather booth at some hip new bar, with my second expensive cocktail freshly placed front of me, staring into Helen's blue doe eyes as she tells me that fluoridated water and vaccines are government control mechanisms. This is my fault. I did this to myself. >>

A few days before, I had been sitting at home with a half-finished can of beer on my chest, counting the cracks in my ceiling, when my iPhone emitted a buzz. Then another. And another. In short order notifications were making my phone purr erratically like a meth-addled kitten. My friends don't like me that much, and I was pretty sure I didn't owe anyone money, so it had to be the fact that, in the service of true investigative journalism, I had registered for every dating app and hookup website I could find.

Upon registering, I created the widest possible radius around my L.A. home. Then I swiped right maniacally and clicked checkmarks like crazy for days on end. I maintained a policy of swiping as liberally as possible. I swiped right in the bathroom. I swiped right in bed. I swiped right in traffic. I swiped right and multitasked with power tools. Soon enough, like sexy, sexy magic, my phone figuratively blew the fuck up with messages, buzzes and bells from every manner of desperate woman with broadband.

You see, I am the first person to ever write about dating apps. Yeah, that's me. I'm the first one. Ever. You don't have to look this up; you can take me at my word. We now live in an era where dating apps have been tailored to every preference and inclination, and they encourage human sexuality in remarkable ways. With the stigma of lonely basement-dwelling mouth-breathers mostly removed from technology-based wooing, many men and women are making short work of exploring new possibilities one swipe at a time. You've heard. Your mom has heard. Dating and hookup apps are a thing now. "There's an app for that," mugs your grandpa as he pops a blue pill with a wink and heads off for a slice of that Tinder pie.

I could get all scientific and use control studies and wide sample sizes to demonstrate a bunch of facts about what's happening. However, I am not a scientist. I am just an average white bearded dude in his mid-30s with an average income and an even more average lifestyle looking for The One. Or a ceaseless train of middling to decent Ones to keep the scarier wolves of my libido at bay until that one One shows up. So yeah, I tried all of the dating apps.

Helen* (none of these names are real) started out as a promising match. A 29-year-old personal assistant from one of the outer L.A. burbs, Helen had the slightly exaggerated curves I like and a wry, witty smile in each of her photos. She even included photos of her dog. I like dogs. Helen opened with a short, sweet and disarming, "You're handsome ;)" *Thanks, Helen, I hope you're a real person and not a predatory adbot,* I thought. I didn't respond immediately, but filed her away for a time when a response didn't look quite so anxious.

Probably an hour later Helen got my response, "Thanks! You're not too shabby yourself," and things went pretty well from there. She made me laugh. She had expressive textual qualities. She did lay out what she was looking for with an almost off-putting specificity. But deep down inside I want a girlfriend, and Helen wanted to be someone's girlfriend, so it wasn't too disagreeable to see it so specifically identified. Everything seemed like a good start, and we set a date for drinks the following week. Anticipation ran high.

With all of the options out there, selecting a dating app depends on your personal preferences. If you want to go for a broad swath of potential partners and don't really want to think too hard, that's Tinder: swipe left to ignore; swipe right to like. If you both swiped right, you get to talk to each other. Tinder is pretty much the standard nowadays. If you're operating under the assumption that women aren't bold enough to make their own choices without being forced to, or you're completely lazy and want someone else to make the first move, Bumble is for you. If you want to get a remarkably accurate assessment of a stranger's personality, OkCupid, which started out as merely a website, has those kinds of merits (you can, for example, answer crucial questions like, "Do you believe contraception is morally wrong?").

After a ton of trial and error, I became partial to the free Big Three: Tinder, Bumble and OkCupid. Bumble requires little effort, Tinder has the widest reach with the most users, and OkCupid has a lot of useful and specific information that can save time in weeding out potential crazies. As a bonus, since the former two are associated with your Facebook account (like many dating apps)—and show you and your match's mutual friends—you can guard against linking up with friends of your ex-girlfriends. Or, if you're a complete sociopath, you can aim to link up with as many of your ex-girlfriend's friends as possible. (I'm not judging, I swear.) Linking to Facebook or Instagram also offers a certain level of verification.

Naturally, in this round world of ours, there are other oddly specific dating apps for those folks who want more than love, or other kinds of love, or just fist bumps. . . or whatever. Would you like to look at a series of photos and fuck someone within the hour? That's Pure. Supposedly. In my experience Pure doesn't work. At all. Even when I put in an objectively attractive man's photos (oops), no straight woman wanted to have sex within that hour-long window. Frankly, there weren't many straight women. No real ones at least.

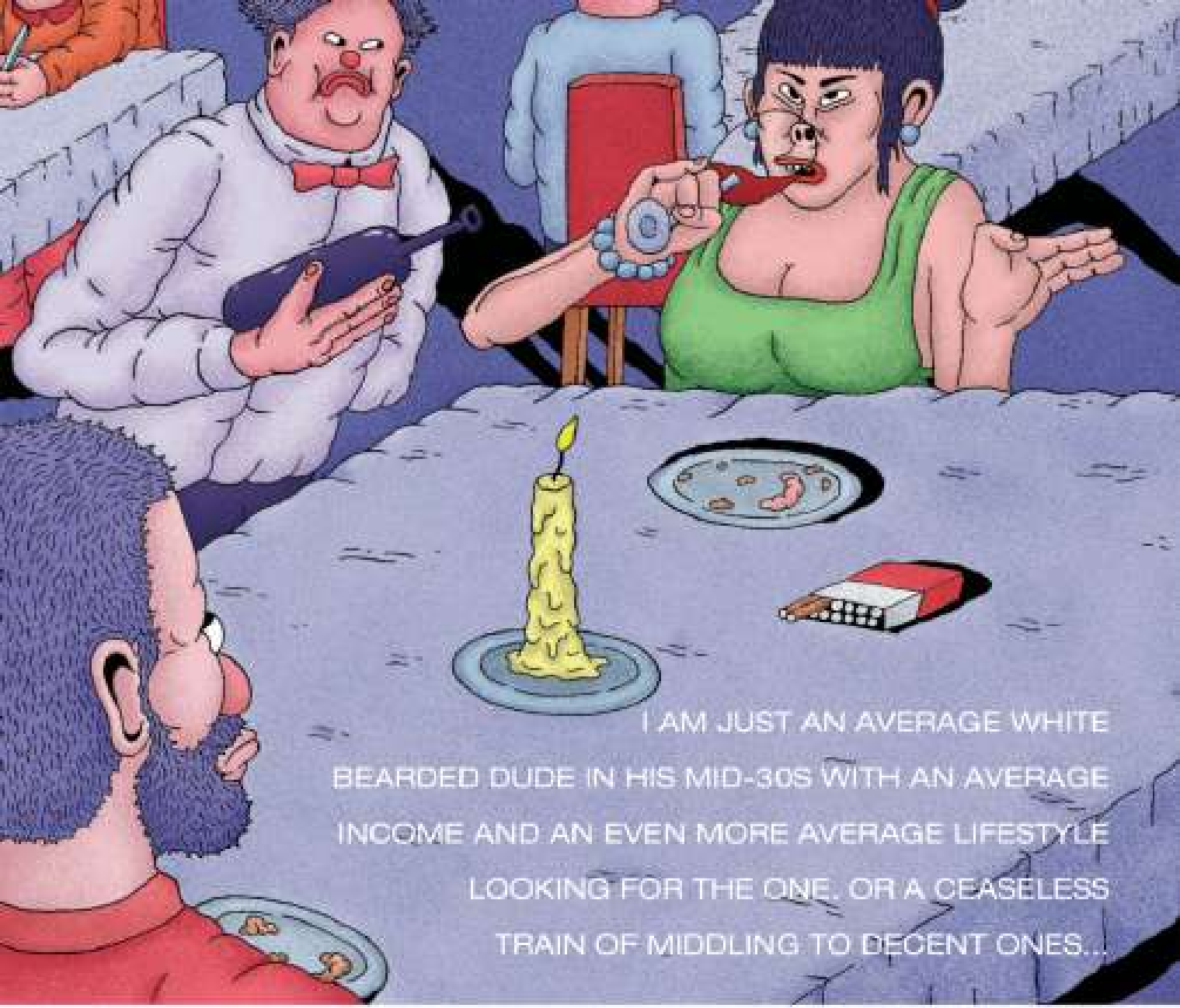
Are you just interested in some cuddle time without sex or any sexual thoughts whatsoever? That's Spoonr (formerly Cuddlr). Spoonr works just fine, unfortunately. But I'm one of those nutty people who don't like putting in actual effort to be sexually frustrated—I can be sexually frustrated just fine by myself.

FarmersOnly (yes, this is a real dating app) is for, um, farmers and the kind of people who want to sleep with them. I am not a farmer. Even though I have no problems with country ladies, I do own books and a foreign-made sedan. I don't think that jibed with the kind of women who openly identify their cigarette brand loyalties and the truck types they covet.

I don't know what it says about me that I really, really, really wanted to go on a ChristianMingle date as a non-Christian. I put in my best effort, but alas, even with my favorite Bible verse (John 11:35, "Jesus wept") front and center, none of the Christ freaks wanted anything to do with me.

Of the general-purpose dating apps, many of them are plain garbage. One app called "Coffee Meets Bagel" is for the saddest of the sad. It throws you one person every day at noon—a selection they call a "Bagel," which they've forgotten is a synonym for *zero*. Since it puts *Coffee* in the name of the app, there's a high chance you won't be hooking up with this person until well after the eighth or ninth date, if at all. The worst feature of this hilariously daft app is that it leaves the rejected "Bagel" on your front page for a whole day, giving that candidate the worst possible advertising. "Hey, man, look at this dope you rejected. *Look at her.*" It also gives you an opportunity to let your rejectee know why you kicked their sad face to the digital curb. Nothing as complex as, "You look like you washed your face with hot french fries. Sorry, we live in a cruel world, and you're unfuckable." But they are specific enough to make someone cry.

Another, PlentyOfFish, is a human flea market. When you finally work through the unnecessarily complicated sign-up process, it becomes apparent that the only people on it are the used VHS's of hu-

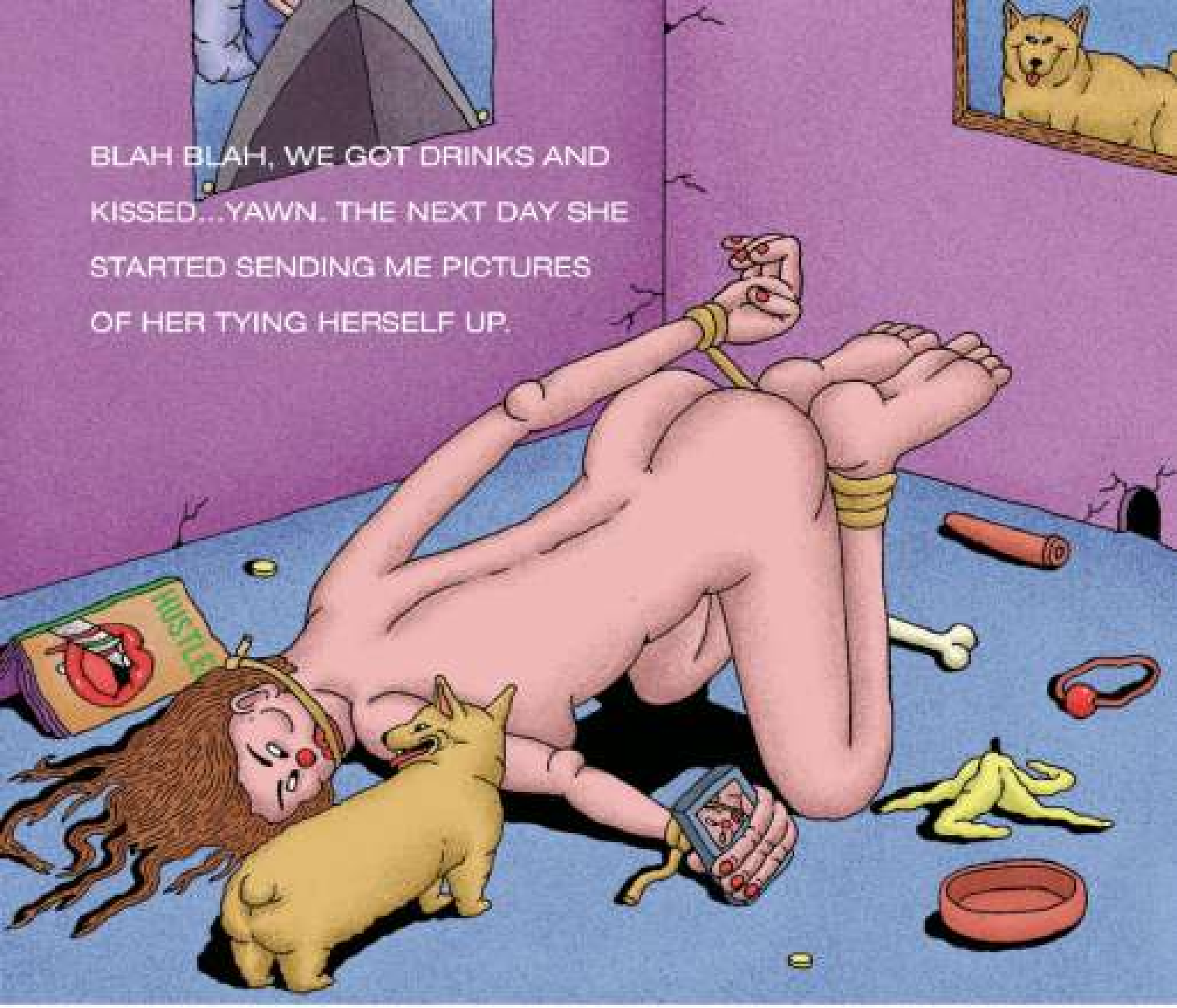

I AM JUST AN AVERAGE WHITE
BEARDED DUDE IN HIS MID-30S WITH AN AVERAGE
INCOME AND AN EVEN MORE AVERAGE LIFESTYLE
LOOKING FOR THE ONE, OR A CEASELESS
TRAIN OF MIDDLING TO DECENT ONES...

manity. No irony. No novelty. No cleverness. Just rows and rows of used human copies of *Overboard*. And socks. Lots and lots of socks. Oh, and like a weird flea market, sometimes you'll find Nazi memorabilia. No good. With a hilariously outdated fee and AOL 1996 graphic interfaces, either the company's executives are just sitting in a conference room nervously chain-smoking, hoping their customers never realize that other apps are free, or no one has been at the controls of PlentyOfFish since before the Iraq War.

There's even an app for proximity, called Happn. It's pure Orwellian nightmare meets '90s teen horror. Want to know if anyone who passes within a few hundred yards of you is desperate to be in love with a stranger? I think they were going for Grindr—the gay male proximity sex app—but for straight people. What they ended up with is a blueprint for stalkers.

In putting together my profile for all of the above apps, I emphasized that I think I'm funnier than I am attractive. Genetics did not gift me with the McConaughey-esque looks that would melt the broadest spectrum of hearts and crotches in Los Angeles, so I have to rely on wit, the great equalizer. I fully recommend this personality-first policy for most non-model dudes. Don't most women prefer a sense of humor anyway? (Again, I'm not a scientist, so I don't know.) When I put in my photos, I picked ones that show me active, laughing and surrounded by people who, to the casual observer, look like they are enjoying my company. Most dating app users, men and women alike, have the same fear, "What if they don't look like their photos?!" So I kept pics current.

The profiles and photos of my potential dates were all over the place. Some went with all emojis, some with a list of demands. Many had idiotic quotes or their Myers-Briggs Type. If I had a Sacagawea for every variation on "Work hard, play hard" or "Looking for a partner in crime" I saw, I could retire young somewhere expensive. Looking for a partner in crime, eh? Like, how good are you with document forgery, blackmail, extortion? Can you steal a car or rob a bank? Do you know how to ram a police barricade? Those are crimes. Oh, that's



not what you meant? You meant getting unique muffins at a new muffin place while holding hands?

On the fringe, swiping through even the most vanilla apps, I get a sense that there are as many individual fetishes and hang-ups as there are people—which is something you can assume, but it doesn't really hit home until you see it with your own eyes. There was the ardently Christian woman on Tinder who just wanted to get fucked silly by a God-fearing Christian man, even if the act itself was amoral according to the principles of their religion. Then there was the guy trawling through straight men on OkCupid who "wasn't at all gay (because ew, gross)" but he did just want "to blow as many straight dudes as possible" because he thought it was "cool to blow guys" (cool, but definitely not gay). It got to the point where if someone wrote "I fucking love pie!" in their profile, I honestly wondered if that person just liked eating pie or if they wanted to have sex with pie.

Oh, I almost forgot about Helen. We're back to Helen staring at me, gauging my response to her insanity. I've got a choice to make. Helen definitely looks much cuter in person. She's got those doe eyes. And she's dressed tragically hip—like the ads you see of hip people doing hip things at music festivals. She's at least got her best physical face on, even if her personality sucks. And boy does it suck. She orders her drink like a spoiled teenager with a rich mom. "Oh, does that pinot taste *earthaaaay*?" she asks the harried waitress before sampling and rejecting six wines.

She drops that she's "all organic" and doesn't drink "dark liquids" or eat "dark foods." This is offset by the fact that she needs to take several cigarette breaks. She doesn't smoke American Spirits or fake hippie cigarettes; she smokes Capris, killer of grandmothers. Once again, I'm not a doctor or a scientist, but I'm pretty sure that all the chemicals she's avoiding in nonorganic bread or whatever, she's making up for with those tiny cigs a hundredfold. Maybe. Possibly.

Fuck it, I make out with her just to shut her up. That's my choice. She's slightly surprised, but welcomes my advance.

For those of you who may believe that these apps provide a cease-

less buffet of no-strings-attached monkey sex with thousands of different partners, all at the few short touches of some buttons, you're dead goddamn wrong. Dating from apps is a dumpster fire of the human condition, a travesty that may finish us as a species, a dead end of evolutionary behavior that only the ghosts of Neanderthals can identify with. In short, it's a mess, but a mess to which I became hopelessly addicted. And me making out with someone I absolutely abhor is the prime symptom of my addiction.

The hundreds of matches I rejected over the course of two months were usually pretty obvious. Some didn't respond to me. Others, upon closer inspection, just didn't do it for me once we'd actually matched. Many of my matches just shouldn't be dating anyone right now. They should be working through therapy with a quality shrink. The breathless flake-out has become a dating app standard. Why keep going with one lukewarm match when there are literally thousands of new possibilities out there?

As for the supposed successes, in addition to Helen, I went on a few dozen dates in two months. I don't care to say how much it cost me monetarily, but I can say that the debt to my dignity looks grim. Many of my dates were garden-variety snooze-fests with girls whose version of "play hard" means they drink two glasses of white wine when they want to really turn it up. Some of my best dates ended in awkward and fumbly drunk sex. I got invited to watch Skype fingerbangs (and I obliged). I got propositioned by professional doms and amateur hookers (and I didn't oblige). One woman blew me in my car because I knew the names of two feminist philosophers (yes, seriously). One woman invited me to her vampire LARP. Another went to the trouble of attempting to finger my asshole as a cold opening move, like just sitting there, in public, waiting for our third drinks. What base is that even? Are there bases anymore?

Some of you would have loved Mona* (again, fake). Not long after making my date with Helen, I linked up with Mona, a winsome 28-year-old from the deepest part of unhip Brooklyn. Our date isn't worth talking about, but what happened afterward is. Blah blah, we got drinks and kissed...yawn. The next day she started sending me pictures of her tying herself up. She never made it clear if she wanted me to tie her up or what. But for about two weeks she kept sending me images of herself bound by rope. I tried to play along; I tried to see what she was getting at. But she just sent photos. Some of them had a corgi in them. She casually mentioned how cute the corgi was...amid all of the overt self-bondage. I won't say I was turned off, but I can't say that it went anywhere either.

Helen, for her part, knows the game. This isn't her first rodeo. We kiss for a while. She takes me home. She introduces me to her dog. We have uninspired sex. She doesn't even kick the dog out of the room. So much for the relationship we're both craving. So much for the fact that neither of us is the other's preferred match. We're just doing this because it's there. We're there. I'm having sex with an anti-vax crystal-worshiping smoker, and she's having sex with some guy who's going to put the experience in HUSTLER. When we're done, she immediately starts complaining about the service at the bar. I get the fuck out of there.

So there it is: Dating apps are a dumpster fire. If you want to cook your dinner on that smoldering trash heap, good on you. It does, however, take some patience, gentlemanly acumen, a bit of humor and the time commitment of a full-time job to make it work. If I were to offer any sort of paramount advice for the would-be digital casanova? Cast a wide net and don't be an asshole. Seriously, stop being an asshole. Don't tell anyone you want to have sex with them before you meet them; they know that. Don't compliment their looks profusely like a chump. Don't call them sluts, skanks, whores, bitches or worse. Just play the game. When you're not winning the game, reduce the difficulty level. It's not that hard, even if you do wash your face with hot french fries.

Helen never texted me again—par for the one-night-stand course, really. On the other hand, there are currently 22 unread texts from Mona on my phone. I'm saving them for a rainy day.

A recent study has found that many young couples who were once preoccupied with sex are now preoccupied with social media.

BRITNEY
AMBER
IMPRESSIVE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I have no idea what I'd be doing if I weren't doing porn. It's not only the sex, which I love, but also the life I have. I'm so spoiled! During the day I fuck. At night I party and dance. I travel to new places. I get so many days off. Plus, I'm motivated to stay in shape and look pretty. There's nothing else like it—it's a win-win.

"The biggest misconception I deal with is guys thinking I'll fuck them just because it's what I do for a living. The key words here are, it's my *living*. Favorite positions are cowgirl anal and cowgirl vag because I can play with my clit and it gives me complete control. If we fuck, it's really got to be—and going to be—impressive."

#SELFIES

ASHLEY LANE

@AshleyLaneXXX · April '16 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
3,137	564	7,912

@AshleyLaneXXX

Good morning #hoodlife

NOELLE EASTON

@NoelleEaston · March '16 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
15.2K	1,901	262K

@NoelleEaston

Ziggy

JEZABEL VESSIR

@JezabelVisser · February '16 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
4,480	1,094	55.9K

@JezabelVisser

Yeah def gotta buy some bigger bras

#naturalbeauty #naturalboobies

JAYME LANGFORD

@JaymeMFLangford · July '16 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
3,104	361	24.5K

@JaymeMFLangford

One more from #Hustler shoot the other day #schoolgirl

TRINITY ST. CLAIR

@TrinitySt Clair · January '16 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
39.3K	1,353	168K

@TrinitySt Clair

#iloveyou all

UMA JOLIE

@UmaJolieXXX · January '16 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
898	1,430	56.1K

@UmaJolieXXX

Xoxoxoxo #tootsies

EMILY PARKER

@EmilyParkerXXX - October '16 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
23.7K	457	114K

@EmilyParkerXXX

Witchy woman

ASPEN RAE

@Aspen_Rae - January '16 Honey

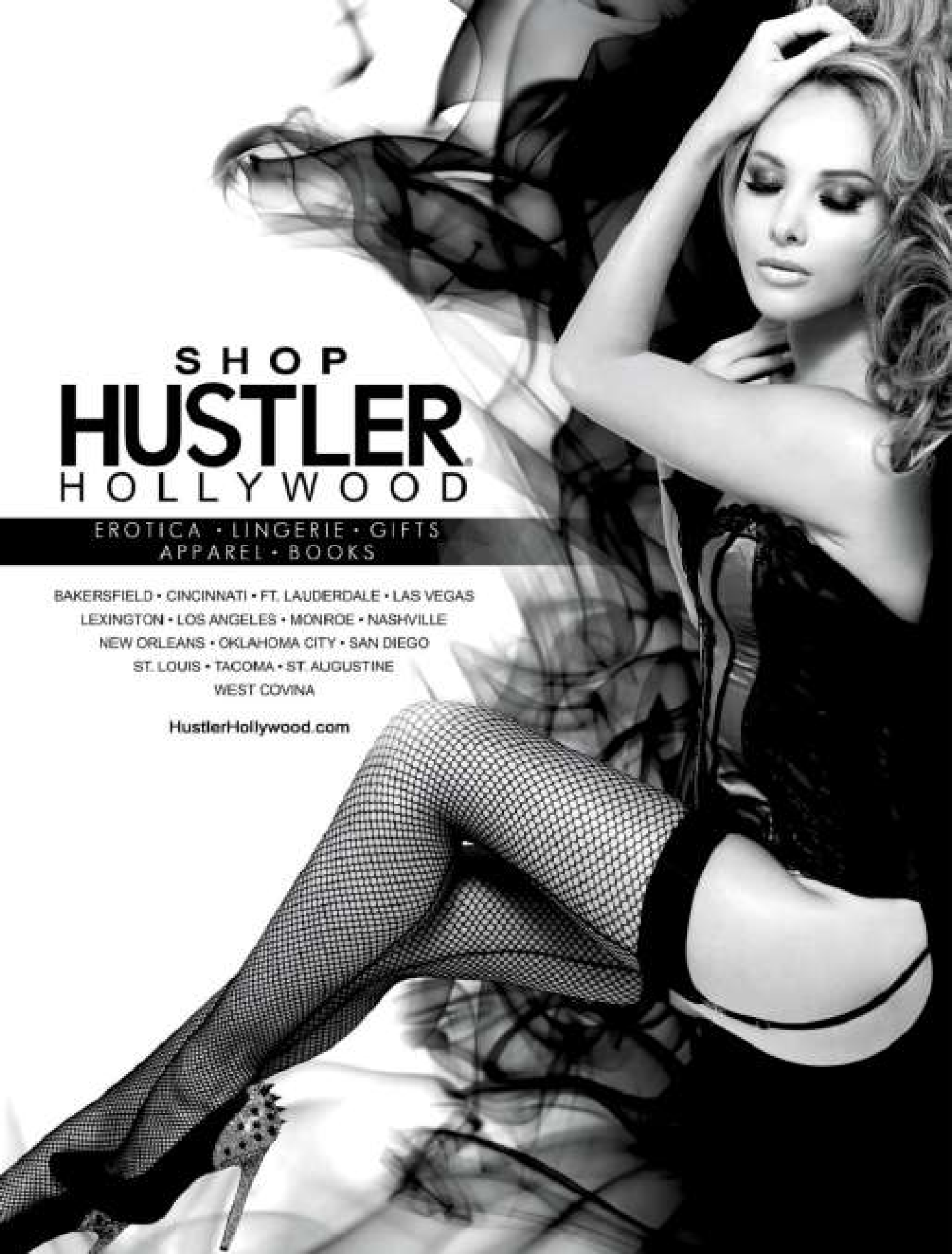
TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
6,855	179	105K

@Aspen_Rae

Second solo flight in the R22 this afternoon

#didntdie #twofortwo

Had enough silly, slutty selfies? We didn't think so. Follow us and your faves on Twitter @HUSTLERMag. To check out our Honeys' full-length HUSTLER layouts, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7651 or log on to HUSTLERMagazine.com.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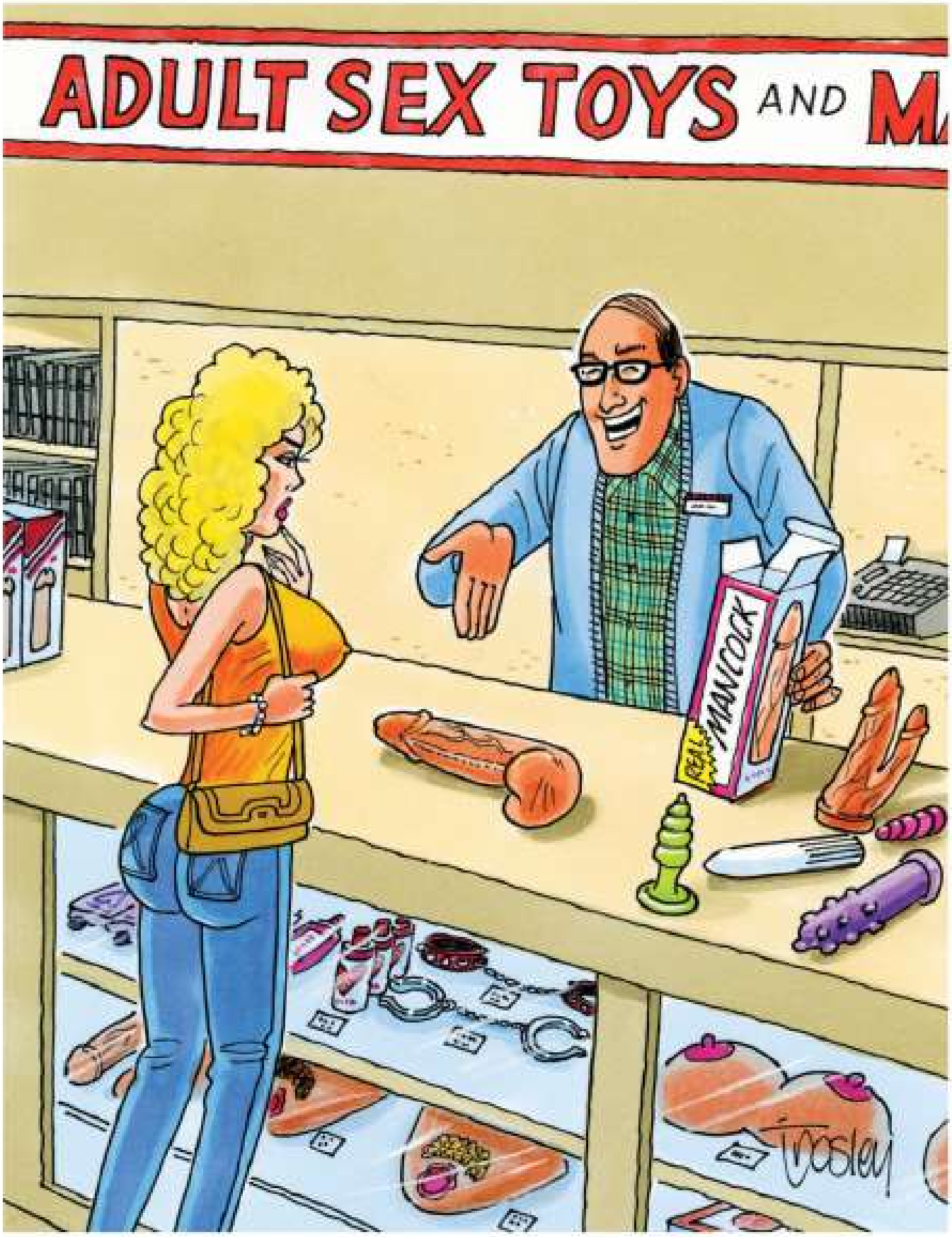

"This is the most lifelike one we have—just when you're finally ready to climax, *it* comes and then shuts totally off!"

ARAYA
ACOSTA
AMERICA'S FINEST
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I don't hate Los Angeles. I just love San Diego. There's a huge military presence here, so there's like four guys for every girl. Most everyone is in amazing shape. And people come here on vacation, so it's easy to find someone totally down to fuck and have fun.

"I have lots of sexual experience for someone my age, but I never assume I know what will turn a lover on. Asking things like 'Does this feel good?' or 'Tell me how you like it' goes a long way. I love fucking too much to take it for granted."

ARAYA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Diego, California** | AGE: **24** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **30B-25-32** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Reverse cowgirl**

LARRY FLYNT'S

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"Now that the 2016 Presidential election is over, what incredibly flawed, stupid, motherfucking dipshit candidate are you gonna vote for in 2020?"

TIFFANY
WATSON
WILD THING
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEVEN ANDRES

When I'm in front of a camera, I feel glamorous and unstoppable. Listening to electronic dance music keeps me feeling good and happy. I love to dance on set. When in doubt, twerk it out.

"Sex makes me very happy. My favorite position is doggy. I like having my hair pulled, my booty smacked and, every now and then, being choked. I'm not a shy girl. I enjoy being wild, and I'm open to a lot of things. One time I had sex in my school storage closet. Between classes we had a ten-minute break, just enough time for a quickie. He filled me with jizz, and the rest of the day I walked around with the biggest smile."

Drive me wild!
xoxo,
Tiffany

TIFFANY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Boise, Idaho** | AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-7** | MEASUREMENTS: **32C-22-30**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy!** | TWITTER: **@TiffanyWatsonX**

Drive me wild!
xoxo,
Tiffany
HUSTLER
HONEY
FEBRUARY 2017
CALL ME AT 1-800-HUSTLER

I ONCE KNEW A COWGIRL IN SEATTLE, WHO LIKED BEING SPANKED WITH A PADDLE. WHEN A GUY MADE A PASS, SHE'D POINT AT HER ASS, AND THEN SHE'D BEND OVER HER SADDLE.

When a small airplane got into trouble, the pilot bailed, leaving a lawyer, a priest and a young girl, but only two parachutes. The lawyer insisted that he was the smartest man on the plane and deserved to survive. So he grabbed a chute and jumped. The priest looked at the girl and, reflecting back on his long and wonderful life, told her to go ahead and take the last parachute.

"No need, Father," the girl said. "The smartest man on the plane just jumped out with my book bag."

Question: What do a brick and a fat girl have in common?

Answer: Eventually they both get laid by a Mexican.

Joe was standing in a bar when a big man walked up to him and asked, "Is your name Joseph Smith?"

"Yes."

"Were you in Chicago last month?"

"Just a minute," said Joe. He took out his cell phone and scrolled through his calendar. "Yeah, I was in Chicago a few weeks ago."

"Did you stay at the Sherman Inn?"

Joe checked his phone again. "I did."

Did you know a Mrs. Wentworth who was staying in Room 214?"

Joe smiled. "I'll say I knew her."

The guy squared his chest. "Well, I'm Mr. Wentworth, and I don't fucking like it."

Nodding slowly, Joe scrolled through his phone, checking his notes. "You know, you're right. I didn't fucking like it either."

What would you do if I won the lottery," a woman asked her husband.

"Take half and leave your fat ass."

"Great," replied his smiling wife. "I won 12 bucks. Here's six. Now get out!"

Two diplomats were stopped by a social scientist, who asked them to participate in a survey on sexual customs. "You open the door and find a beautiful naked woman. Where would you kiss her?" asked the scientist.

"On the cheek," answered the British diplomat.

"She steps into the room and closes the door. Where would you kiss her?"

"On the mouth," the Brit answered.

The scientist turned to the Frenchman. "Now she pushes you on the bed. Pierre, where would you kiss her?"

"Don't ask me, *mon ami*. I would have been wrong ze last two times."

Mary the town drunk stumbled onto a baptismal service by the river. The minister called her over. "Miss Mary, are you ready to find Jesus?"

"You bet," she slurred.

He pushed her under the water. "Praise the Lord," he shouted as he pulled her up. "Have you found Jesus?"

"No, I sure didn't," Mary said, swaying.

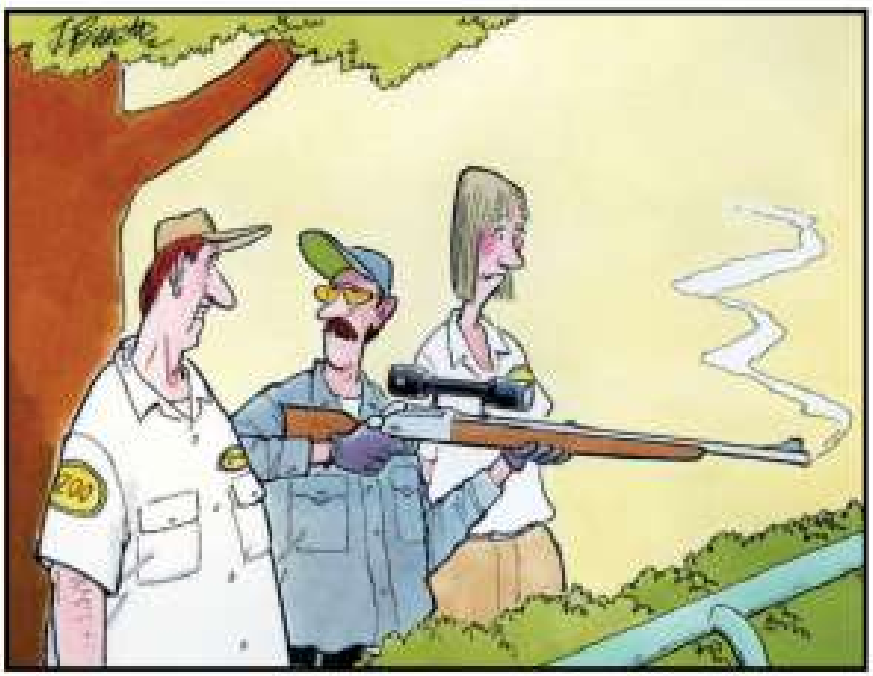
The holy man dunked her again. "Sister, now have you found Jesus?"

"Not yet."

This time the priest held her head under the water for a considerable time. "Sinner," he cried, lifting her out of the river, "have you still not found Jesus?"

Mary wiped her eyes. "Nope. Are you sure this is where he fell in?"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLERHUMP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"The gorilla?! Shit, I thought you wanted me to shoot the kid!"

OH, SO NOW THAT YOU'VE FUCKED ME, I'VE GOTTA GO HOME, HUH?!
I AIN'T SAYING YA GOTTA GO HOME. I'M SAYING YA GOTTA GET YOUR ASS OUT OF MY APARTMENT!
WINNERT

THE WAR ON SMART

"AMERICA HAS BECOME A CRUEL AND VICIOUS PLACE. WE REWARD THE SHALLOWEST, THE DUMBEST, THE MEANEST AND THE LOUDEST. WE NO LONGER HAVE ANY COMMON SENSE OF DECENCY. NO SENSE OF SHAME. THERE IS NO RIGHT AND WRONG. THE WORST QUALITIES IN PEOPLE ARE LOOKED UP TO AND CELEBRATED. LYING AND SPREADING FEAR IS FINE AS LONG AS YOU MAKE MONEY DOING IT. WE'VE BECOME A NATION OF SLOGAN-SAYING, BILE-SPEWING HATEMONGERS. WE'VE LOST OUR KINDNESS. WE'VE LOST OUR SOUL."

—FRANK MURDOCH, *GOD BLESS AMERICA*

ARTICLE BY COLIN McCRACKEN

Empathy, sympathy, care and passion are swiftly becoming things of the past. Right-wing politics are on the rise. Xenophobia, hatred and division have grown stronger than ever, and emptiness is lauded, provided it's packaged correctly. Currently six corporations control 90% of American media, and 21st century celebrities and public figures appear to be a constant celebration of all that is vacuous, mean-spirited and utterly self-absorbed.

Take contemporary pop music for instance. Writing for the investigative website Anti-Media, journalist Claire Bernish spoke of the relentless dumbing down of popular culture. She references a study by Andrew Powell-Morse of SeatSmart, in which the chart-topping songs across popular genres were analyzed for lyrical intelligence over the course of a decade. The results will be of no surprise to anyone who thinks the Billboard Hot 100 doesn't sound so hot these days: "Ten years ago, the most popular songs read between a third- and fourth-grade level, but the inanity only increased with time, and after a five-year downward tumble ending in 2014 (the last year of the study), chart-topping hits had a reading level equivalent to second or third grade."

Thanks to the deconstruction of lyrical dexterity, the public are singing along with songs crafted for kiddies; yet they can't get enough. But it would be simplistic to focus solely on current pop songs. It's when we delve into the culture of the past 15 years that an increasingly sinister pattern appears.

Celebrity is not a solid concept. It's a constantly changing state. Alan Moore (*V for Vendetta*, *Watchmen*), a writer who has been consistently accurate in his societal observations, believes that a certain type of fame manifested with the "massive surges in communication" that occurred in the 20th century. Moore believes fame replaced all other options "as the element of choice of adventure for young people" and gives the following analogy: "If you were a dashing young man in the 19th century you would probably have wanted to run away to sea, just as in the 20th century you might decide that you want to run away and form a pop band. The difference is that in the 19th century…you would have at least some understanding of the element that you were dealing with, and would have, perhaps, say, learned to swim. The thing is that there is no manual for how to cope with fame. So you'll get some otherwise likeable young person who has done one good comic book, one good film or one good record, who is suddenly told that they are a genius, who believes it, [they] run out laughing and splashing into the billows of celebrity and [their] heroin-sodden corpse is washed up a few weeks later in the shallows of the tabloid."

Moore surmises that fame is becoming the goal for most young people. The trouble is, with fame being so undefined, it's easy for it to become corrupted, which is what may well have happened. Twenty-first century fame, be it through social media, movies, music or politics, is driven primarily by ubiquity and sensation, a necessity to remain ever present in the unending clamor for attention. That attitude, however, has permeated the way in which people operate in their own lives.

Pop culture mentality has seeped into objective, analytical thinking. Serious issues such as elections are now treated in the same manner as an episode of *America's Got Talent*, with sensation and kayfabe being heralded as more important than substance and suitability. >>

PHOTO © ZORAN MILICH/ALAMY

David Niose of *Psychology Today* agrees. "America is killing itself through its embrace and exaltation of ignorance, and the evidence is all around us," he recently wrote. "In a country where a sitting congressman told a crowd that evolution and the Big Bang are 'lies straight from the pit of hell,' where the chairman of a Senate environmental panel brought a snowball into the chamber as evidence that climate change is a hoax, where almost one in three citizens can't name the vice president, it is beyond dispute that critical thinking has been abandoned as a cultural value. Our failure as a society to connect the dots, to see that such anti-intellectualism comes with a huge price, could eventually be our downfall."

Anti-intellectualism, as referred to by Niose, is an increasingly popular concept that refers to the decline in a cerebral society. It also describes the current state of play in media culture. Take the 2016 election fiasco: To have even suggested a decade ago that someone as ridiculously inept as Donald Trump might launch a campaign for the Presidency, let alone reach the staggering heights of popularity he achieved, would have been met with scorn and disdain. Nowadays it seems normal, because it is the reality.

That word, *reality*, is the genesis.

At the turn of the millennium, reality TV was a curiosity within the programming spectrum. Then something happened: Audiences started watching. They may have been sneering, but they were watching nonetheless. The initial success of this first wave of shows (*Big Brother*, *Survivor*, *Fear Factor*, et al.) paved the way for a second and third wave. Newly commissioned sitcoms, dramas and documentaries dipped sharply as cheap, reality-based shows took over, and before long this type of programming comprised the majority of shows aired.

Within a few years MTV was focusing almost exclusively on reality content. TLC went from being The Learning Channel, "A place for learning minds" to "Life unscripted" and then "Life surprises." Their contemporaries did the same. *E! News* took the lead on televised gossip, aided by the first generation of postmillennial celebrity mutants. Paris Hilton, Lindsay Lohan and Nicole Richie were ubiquitous, but also somewhat harmless—pop culture figures of little or no substance, whom everyone tired of in time.

This manner of celebrity gained notoriety, not because of talent or ability, or even exceptional charm; they became the center of attention because people liked to sneer. Watching a precarious rise to fame, followed by a swift downfall, became a spectator sport.

Paul Hudson of *Elite Daily* lamented America's dependency on reality TV in his feature *Pop Culture: Making Society Stupid*: "Every time that you spend time watching reality TV shows or reading up on the latest celeb gossip, you are avoiding actual reality and supplementing it with some trumped-up fiction that people are feeding you as the truth.... We ought to be priding ourselves as being a nation of intellectuals—not a nation that supports and honors idiots. I am sure that most of you are under the illusion that you only watch these shows because you enjoy laughing at the stupidity of others. But at the end of the day you are an hour poorer and those 'idiots' are several thousands of dollars richer—thanks to people like you."

"family focus" shows, ones that would direct attention to a particular familial setup. *Honey Boo Boo* and *Duck Dynasty* proved to be two of the standout successes, bringing white-trash hillbillies onto the stage for the rest of the world to gawk at. Then came a show about a family whose pointlessness was only overtaken by their avarice, a family who would change the face of postmillennial media: the Kardashians.

Comedian and podcaster Joe Rogan has a stand-up bit in which he has to try to explain to aliens why Kim Kardashian is the most recognizable face in the world...and why she makes more than the President: "I got no problem with her, but if you had to explain why she's the most famous woman on the planet, it would be a little dif-

"WHETHER IT'S PARIS HILTON OR KIM KARDASHIAN OR WHOEVER, STUPIDITY IS CERTAINLY CELEBRATED. BEING A FUCKING IDIOT IS A VALUABLE COMMODITY IN THIS CULTURE BECAUSE YOU'RE REWARDED SIGNIFICANTLY."

To get a further insight into this phenomenon, HUSTLER spoke with Joe Cleary, a noted psychoanalytic psychotherapist, about our obsession with these kinds of celebrities. It was his opinion that we are drawn to their outlandish behavior more than anything: "Reality television is highly choreographed to bring out the worst facets of human behavior, so that people enjoy judging others for doing what they wish they could do, but without consequences," says Cleary. "I think the fascination with these 'celebrities' is voyeurism of other people publicly living as many might want to live."

One way in which people are able to get the illusion of having the same platform and reach as "stars" is to use social media, which was finding its feet at the height of the reality boom in the mid to late 2000s. The internet gave a voice to the world, which was a marvelous thing, until it became clear that everybody meant literally *everybody*. With the advent of smartphones and social media, the division between celebrity and audience became smaller, and shows like *Jersey Shore* and *The Apprentice*, hosted by Donald Trump, reached staggering new heights of popularity, largely due to the social media activity of their stars. They were heralded as brash, outspoken and seemingly fearless. What did it matter that, for the most part, they were terrible people acting like giant babies with money?

"These 'celebrities' have the money to make their actions virtually consequence-less in terms of breaking laws, but also have professional minders, such as agents, who perpetuate their infantilization, again, by canceling out possible consequences," explains Cleary. "They allow the viewer to see aspects of their own desire acted out. These extremes excite people because they break social rules and norms."

Bad behavior was in and the public was hooked. By the end of the '00s, reality TV had transformed popular culture until it became what popular culture was all about. This era gave birth to a new form of programming. Up until this point most reality shows were based around placing strangers together to see what would happen if they were subjected to strenuous circumstances—basically an excuse to watch people bicker and bitch, fight and fuck. Then came the introduction of

ficult.... A woman with a fake ass makes 50 times more than the Commander in Chief of the greatest army the world has ever known. And the aliens be like, 'We're going to fucking kill you all.'"

Mad Men star Jon Hamm was a little less diplomatic when he spoke to *Elle* magazine a few years ago: "We're at a place where the idea of being 'elite' is somehow considered negative. Whether it's Paris Hilton or Kim Kardashian or whoever, stupidity is certainly celebrated. Being a fucking idiot is a valuable commodity in this culture because you're rewarded significantly. Incuriousness has become cool.... It doesn't make sense to me."

The Kardashian clan's arrival as part of the public consciousness corresponded almost exactly with the explosion of image-focused social media networks in the 2010s. "The fascination with such media is exceptional with younger people," adds Cleary. "The stories are two-dimensional—there's no content or subjective exploration of the toll of such excesses. The compass loses its dial."

The effects of this aesthetic-obsessed, reality-show celebrity are undeniable. According to a recent study by the Girl Scout Research Institute: 47% of girls and young women admit to being regular viewers of reality shows; another 30% state that they are occasional viewers; 86% of girls surveyed believe that the shows "often pit girls against each other to make the shows more exciting;" and most telling of all, 70% say that most reality shows "make people think it's okay to treat each other badly."

Ashley Bush and Raphaela Sapire, founders of Route by Route, a project presenting successful women across the U.S., wrote in *The Huffington Post* about the time Barack Obama gave a speech to their alma mater, Barnard College. He stated, "Until a girl can imagine herself, can picture herself as a computer programmer, or a combat commander, she won't become one. Until there are women who tell her, ignore our pop culture obsession over beauty and fashion... she'll think those are the only things that girls are supposed to care about."

But how can young people be expected to find honorable role models when the very worst cultural examples are shoved down their >>

throats? Even Vogue caved in 2014 when it placed Kardashian on the cover along with her new husband, Kanye West (the only man alive who can make Bono look humble). Kardashian may be a hollow and negative influence for young women, but there are other examples of celebrity who cross the line from inappropriate to threatening.

Crazy things happen amidst celebrity hysteria, and passion for a star can outshine even the most abhorrent behavior. Take, for example, rapper Chris Brown, who was almost universally forgiven by the public in the wake of brutally beating his then-girlfriend Rihanna in 2009. In spite of a much-publicized court case in which affidavits detailed him treating Rihanna like a punching bag, Brown continues to enjoy a successful career, with his last album breaking the Top 10 and his last tour selling out. At present Chris Brown has over 30 million followers on Instagram and another 17 million on Twitter; that gives him more of a cultural impact on social media than the President (10.4m Twitter followers), the Pope (9.8m) or the Dalai Lama (13m).

"I'm sorry, Ann Coulter can't come to the door right now. She's busy squeezing out another book."

There have been cases where abysmal behavior, for example outright avarice, even elicits twisted admiration, as it did with Martin Shkreli. The Pharma Bro was a figure of immense scrutiny when he raised the price of a drug used by AIDS patients 5,000% ($13.50 a pill to $750) overnight. He later backed down in the face of worldwide pressure, but then something really strange happened. The coverage of Shkreli went from derogatory to inquisitive and then to almost celebratory—citing his defiant, arrogant display at a Congressional hearing that was investigating his practices. Shkreli now finds himself the subject of an upcoming musical, and he's got a rap album in the works.

Psychotherapist Joe Cleary opines that "Shkreli is living a life that exemplifies neoliberal ideology. He is living to excess, as with the other [celebrities]. They transgress socially valorized norms. That excites people."

Could that really be enough to vindicate a man who would happily endanger the lives of countless men, women and children who need urgent care? Seemingly, if he makes people laugh or entertains them, anything can be forgiven.

Speaking of villains, we all know of the Westboro Baptist Church, but why should we? For a right-wing religious group with only about 40 members, we should have no more awareness of them than any other tiny crackpot organization that espouses hatred, bigotry and division. Started by Fred Phelps, the "church" gained notoriety by protesting at the funerals of soldiers and homosexuals. They even made an appearance at the funerals of Orlando Pulse massacre victims. Once again the church made for good copy, and the coverage they've received over the past decade means that they are now one of the most recognizable names associated with the Christian right. It is this focus on sensation and the elicitation of a divisive or dramatic response that is being used to manipulate. And it's not solely an American phenomenon.

In June 2016 UK citizens voted to leave the security of the European Union in a campaign that was spearheaded by a number of outspokenly racist figures, some of whom had little to no actual political training. The reason they gained momentum was because the media gave them a platform and held them up as a curiosity, a source of fun and ridiculousness. Saying inappropriate and insensitive things in a predominantly PC-oriented society resonated with voters. They targeted the hot topics of immigration and welfare—much as Donald Trump has done in the U.S.—to get enough of the blue-collar vote to win.

Boris Johnson, a uniquely coiffured buffoon who could well be Trump's inbred English cousin, and Nigel Farage, a '70s throwback who promised to rid the country of immigrants, became the most publicized figures of the debate because they were strange, outlandish and made for good headlines. They were politically incorrect, offensive and open about their shortcomings; yet they won with an almost 1 million advantage.

Popular culture has taken the place of education and knowledge to dictate how our lives are governed. As with the UK, the recent electoral campaign in the U.S. played out like a reality show, with sound

bites and sensation perpetually overtaking logic. Which brings us back to The Donald, a politician so inept, he makes Sarah Palin look like Marie Curie. From a catchphrase-spinning TV personality and shady businessman to candidate for the U.S. Presidency, nothing encapsulates the power of media more than his rise.

As Henry Rollins wrote for *LA Weekly*: "At this point, America will turn almost anything into a reality show. Now it's the future of the United States that will be given the *Honey Boo Boo/Duck Dynasty* treatment. This one will be right up there with the O.J. Simpson trial.... Americans are sick and tired of the bullshit they accuse the 'other side' of being full of. So now we can look forward to a NASCAR/WWE election."

Within hours of the result that Britain would leave the EU, the Brexit leaders backtracked on almost all of their promises. Terrifyingly, the people who had voted began googling "What is the EU?" in record numbers, as well as appearing on TV giving statements like, "I didn't think my vote mattered." As the stock market crashed and their currency devalued almost instantly, the public didn't actually know what they'd done until it was too late; it became known as "Bregret." While Britain fell into economic and societal disarray, Johnson played cricket and subsequently backed out of the race for leadership. Farage quit, as did most of the others, and months later the situation is still in turmoil.

The primary campaigners to leave the EU admitted that they had no long-term strategy to begin with, and in the wake of their right-wing, anti-immigrant shit stirring, hate crimes shot up 57% in a single week following the "Leave" result.

Citizens are now wearing safety pins to show foreign nationals and immigrants that they won't be attacked by them. It's come to this. All because people were suckered in by ridiculous personalities to whom they thought they were making a protest vote. This was, incidentally, a result celebrated by Trump, who drew parallels with the UK and the U.S. "taking their countries back." On August 18th Trump even tweeted "They will soon be calling me MR. BREXIT!"

The shambles of the referendum in the UK is not just an example of how the public can be duped by an intriguing political figure who is treated in the same manner as a celebrity, but serves as a harsh warning that a more analytical and questioning political mind-set from the general public is essential. In terms of celebrity itself, it's important to remember that the reality that is sold is often a heavily branded construct of a media conglomerate that has other agendas at hand. There will eventually be a backlash to the deluge of mediocrity. There is still fantastic art and culture out there; but it's not getting the exposure it needs and so takes a little work to find.

It's up to us to look for something with more substance when it comes to politics and entertainment, or we'll get the demise we deserve. Question what you are being offered. Become the hero of your own story, of history.

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"Hey, Father, how is the Word of God like a stiff dick?
Both are forced down your throat by priests!"

BIG TITTY RENT-A-COPS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: KARMEN KARMA, CHRISTIE STEVENS, ALYSSA LYNN, MERCEDES CARRERA, HELLY MAE HELLFIRE, BRUCE VENTURA, SCOTT LYONS, MARK ZANE, ERIC JOHN & DERRICK PIERCE.

Yearning for some stiff justice? *Big Titty Rent-a-Cops* racks up some impressive busts. Any guy who's been harassed by some two-bit, pimply-faced twerp with a tin badge and a God complex will appreciate this offering, where the quasi-authority types in uniforms are the ones ordered to spread 'em and submit. Things kick off with heavily tatted and tilted vixen Karmen Karma. Karma attempts to apprehend a burglar, but the suspect turns the tables on her, seizing taser and tatas alike. As the well-hardened criminal fervently titty-fucks Karma, his cock looks like a greased ferret trying to escape from between couch cushions. Karma's would-be prey fucks her wet and squishy, then stabs her throat until the drool runs rabid-like from the sides of her mouth. Sweet-faced blonde Christie Stevens frisks her detainee to a hard-on before unleashing her pendulous milk mounds and going knees-to-nipples for a vigorous schtup, which ends with her casabas coated in crotch cream. Pneumatic blonde Alyssa Lynn has cartoonishly inflated tits; the psi on her boomers is dangerously close to blowout status. Still, Lynn is otherwise a fine specimen who sucks cock like she expects gold to shoot from that prick if she just inhales hard enough. Finally minx Mercedes Carrera confronts a home invader and takes great pleasure in slapping his lap lizard against her comely mug between sloppy dick licks. The badge-bearing babes of *Big Titty Rent-a-Cops* are a mixed bag, but the stick-it-to-the-man attitude is irresistible. Order this boobylicious treat by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Pico D. Ribibi

CHRISTIE STEVENS

MERCEDES CARRERA

KARMEN KARMA

HOLLY MAE HELLFIRE

CARTER CRUISE

KATRINA JADE &
RILEY STEELE

SUPERGIRL XXX: AN AXEL BRAUN PARODY

WICKED COMIX. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: CARTER CRUISE, RILEY STEELE, KATRINA JADE, JESSICA DRAKE, DERRICK PIERCE, RYAN DRILLER, DAMON DICE, CHARLES DERA & VAN WYLDE.

A couple of thoughts pop up like an awkward boner while watching *Supergirl XXX*. Such as 1) porn star names sound a lot like comic book names. Carter Cruise? Riley Steele? Alter egos that could have been cranked out in the DC superhero factory. And 2) would superheroes really need to wear condoms? With all of the superpowers they boast, wouldn't imperviousness to STDs be at the top of the list? But enough comic book/porn fanboy positing—on to the matter at lube-slathered hand. *Supergirl XXX* stands proud and firm as another solid superhero spoof in the Axel Braun canon. As usual, Braun approaches the source material with a combination of reverence, bawdy wit and erotic heat. Carter Cruise hits her mark as the plucky heroine who tirelessly fights to save the world when she's not taking fat pricks into her fuckholes. The video begins with Cruise fucking Brainiac—a well-crafted approximation of a mutant comic book baddie, though it's a little distracting that the only part of his body that isn't green is the gnarly, blood-swollen log between his legs. No matter—the fleshy protuberance pierces Cruise's sphincters with villainous aplomb. Porn vet jessica drake puts her gravity-defying ass to work in a dynamic trio that will make your eyes pop. And Katrina Jade cracks open Riley Steele's clam to slurp up that briny delicacy. *Supergirl XXX* will give viewers a pocketful of kryptonite—or at least some other type of rock-like substance.

—P.D.R.

OIL OVERLOAD 15

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: CHRIS STREAMS. STARRING: JESSA RHODES, CHLOE AMOUR, BROOKLYN CHASE, HOLLY HENDRIX, BLAIR WILLIAMS, CHRIS STROKES, MICK BLUE, MANUEL FERRARA & MARKUS DUPREE.

Maybe reaching peak oil isn't a crisis after all. The idea behind *Oil Overload 15* is pretty straightforward: Round up a bunch of hot chicks, roll them in baby oil and put them through their sexual paces. Leadoff fuck puppet Jessa Rhodes' trouty pout suggests one too many visits from the collagen fairy, but her glistening mambos pleasantly distract as they jiggle through a gooey orgasm. Doe-eyed enchantress Chloe Amour is a welcome presence, as always, serving up a greasy foot-fuck before taking a savage pounding to her poontang. Blond bimbots Brooklyn Chase and Blair Williams deliver a double dose of delectable fuck flesh. The girls lather themselves silly before taking on scruffy cum-slinger Manuel Ferrara. The real standout here is pint-size spinner Holly Hendrix, who gamely takes two thick throbbers into her crap chute simultaneously—no small feat, given that she's roughly the size of a ventriloquist's dummy. Hendrix gets folded every which way, and mascara smears down her pretty face during a passionate double-teaming. If there's one complaint here, it's the overabundance of tease footage; it takes more than 15 minutes for the video to meander toward its first sex scene. But overall *Oil Overload 15* is slick. **—P.D.R.**

CHLOE AMOUR

BLAIR WILLIAMS &
BROOKLYN CHASE

GISELE
MONA
TOUCHING
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

My first blowjob scene I was kind of worried about whether or not I'd be able to make a pro come. But I got a really great guy to work with, and it was good. And if it's good in person, it turns out great on camera. I used to watch my scenes to see what I could do better; now I watch them to relive the experience. Sometimes I can climax just remembering how a cock tasted and what it felt like going into me. I don't even need to touch myself to come, but I usually do. I can't help myself."

BABY, I WAS SITTING AT THE BAR, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS. WHEN THIS YOUNG WHITE GIRL CAME ON TO ME. SHE SPIKED MY DRINK, TOOK ME TO HER PLACE AND RAPED ME UNTIL SIX O'CLOCK THIS MORNING!
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SELENA

"I'm single, so that means I can do what the fuck I want," asserts Selena, 19, a topless dancer from Waco, Texas. A devil-may-care attitude has inspired a multitude of gals to join the Beaver colony, but that isn't Selena's only virtue. "I have a big heart, and I'm crazy, funny, sweet and seductive," the 4-foot-11 cutie explains. "I'm a come-and-get-it kind of girl, and I hope your readers get turned on seeing me naked." Being watched as her clothes come off is just one of Selena's kicks. The former high school cheerleader also digs shopping, listening to music, especially hip hop, and watching MTV, movies and Dallas Cowboys football games. As for sex, Selena definitely does what the fuck she wants: "I'm still straight, my favorite position is doggy, and I'm okay with anal a little bit. But what I love most is to be ate out and go down on a guy. I've been told I give great blowjobs." Selena is more than okay by us. *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

"My fantasy is to fall in love with a guy who has lots of tattoos, a sense of humor and a really big heart."

HARLEY & CLARISSA

To celebrate Valentine's Day in February, we're simultaneously unveiling two lovey-dovey hotties. Harley Lane, 20, is a lifeguard from San Antonio, Texas, who's "wild enough to stop your heart but skilled enough to restart it." The 5-foot-1 "sexual tornado" is a legal courtesan at Nevada's Moonlite BunnyRanch. Clarissa Steel, 21, is a college student from Santa Cruz, California. The 5-foot-6 "classy nymphomaniac" met Harley at a casino and didn't say no when her new pal asked if she wanted to be naked in HUSTLER. *—Photos by Harry Connor*

LE.LO

Twenty-eight-year-old Le.Lo is lean, limber, luscious and nomadic. "I was born in Guam and stateside raised," the 4-foot-11 "computer nerd" tells us. "I move around a lot. I currently live in Reno, Nevada, but like in that old John Denver song, my bags are packed, and I'm ready to go." Before hightailing it to greener pastures, Le.Lo has welcomed us into her home for a tantalizing peep show. "HUSTLER is simply the best magazine to pose nude for in my opinion," she raves. "A dear friend encouraged me to send in pictures the first time [December '13], and I'm glad I did. I even got to meet Larry Flynt. That was an experience I'll never forget!" Le.Lo adores being eye candy, but that's just the tip of the iceberg: "I'm into social networking, photography, boating, traveling, creating apps, '90s boy bands and anything Dean Koontz. Oh, did I mention sex? I'm very naughty, kinky and submissive. For the most part anything goes, but I really love kissing, 69ing, having a guy fuck my brains out in *his* favorite position and masturbating." Le.Lo, who hopes that her new pics induce a "happy ending," concludes her personal revelations with big news: "I finally tried anal. Wow! If done the right way, starting slowly and gently, it gives me really good orgasms and keeps things exciting." —*Photos by Le.Lo*

"I'm always game for making love, but I get extra kinky, adventurous and imaginative on Valentine's Day."

MICKEE SPRINGS

"I feel that I can represent HUSTLER's brand positively as a new, sexy addition to the publication," professes Mickee Springs, 19, a college student from Mansfield, Ohio. "I hope your readers agree." She's keen on revealing more than just her 5-foot-8 bod: "I would describe myself as a kindhearted, selfless, genuine individual with beauty and brains. I put my significant other's needs before my own, and this makes for a gratifying relationship." Mickee continues, "I love to cook! Cop shows and professional sports dominate my TV, and I enjoy Eminem, Britney Spears, Guns N' Roses and everything in between!" Mickee's sex life is mutually gratifying: "I'm a lady in the streets, but a freak in bed. I love giving and receiving oral, I have no problem with swallowing or facials, and doggy-style is a classic. I like the submissive role, and rough sex is good sex." The travel buff's fantasies are truly far-out: "Sex on top of a rock at Stonehenge in England or in the Blue Lagoon geothermal pool in Iceland would be very exhilarating." Meanwhile, looking forward to Valentine's Day, Mickee coos, "A hot-oil, full-body massage will set the tone for a long, pleasure-filled night." *—Photos by Paradigm Foto Studio*

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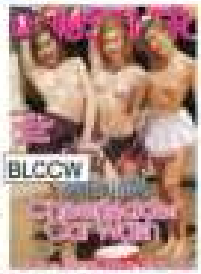

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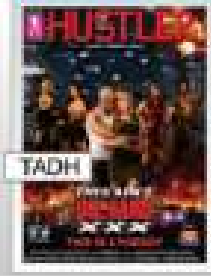

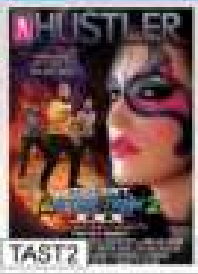

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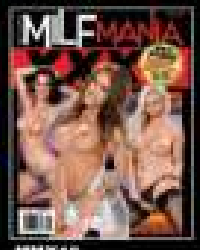

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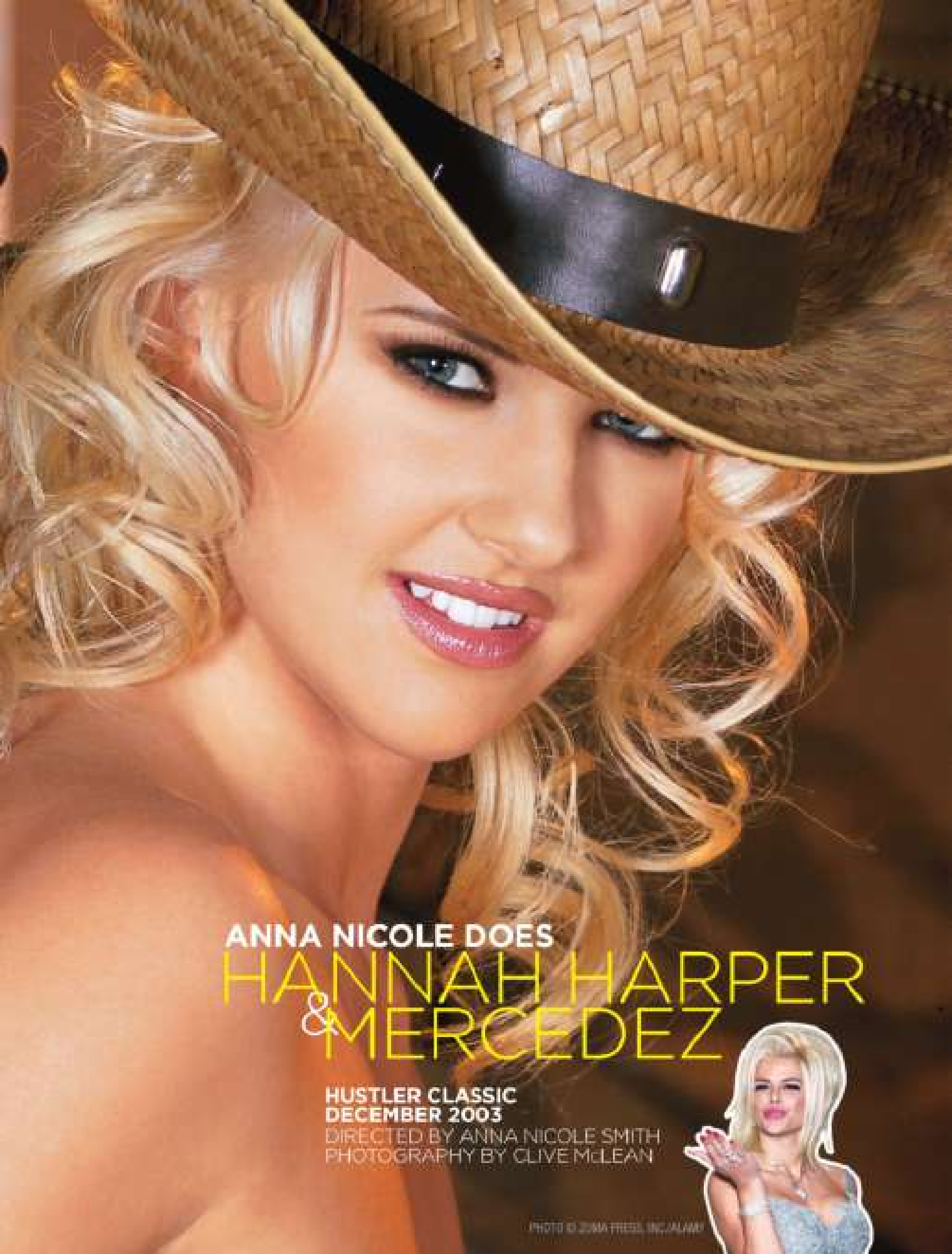

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DECEMBER 2003

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

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